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Tales of a Hollywood
Detective

What \$20 Will Get You:
Adventures in Bribery
BY TOM CHIARELLA

Esquire

Man at His Best

MARCH 2003

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52 The Sound & the Fury
56 Contributors
58 Editor's Letter

61 Man at His Best
 Ted Turner, struggling
 actor; the hard lessons of
 impotence; the California
 wine flood; and antique
 meats. Plus, how Ali
 Larter got her big break.

92 The Index Things not to miss
 in March

102 The Game Lenny Dykstra is
 funny, he's a family man, and he's happy.
 But can he win? **FLDS** the
 best film. Pick up the new pope.

**114 10 Things You Don't
 Know About Women** For
 our men, they love men who love their
 women. But only if they don't talk
 about it. (BY CHARLAMEL WOODWARD)

129 Music From the opening of
 These Are the Vines, you can tell the
 Red Hot Chili Peppers are having fun. When was the
 last time anyone said that about a new
 record? (BY ARY LUNER)

140 The Annotated Man Andy
 Berman: founder of Jack Spidee leggings

142 The Screen Casper Noz is
 the French Tarantino, only relevant
 the best thing about The Great American
 sandwich when good is good (I've not
 met The Legend!) (BY TIM CARROLL)

148 The 5-Minute Guide
 to Why We A quick primer on
 earning your home into an Internet
 bubble. (BY SAM GREGORY)

152 The Industry Anthony
 Polanco: with Hollywood's favorite
 movie star has a problem, go online
 to get away. David Polanco becomes a
 problem himself. (BY KIM MARTENS)

158 Sex The myth of no sex
 on Mars, and when it's okay
 for a man to try to get laid.
 Also, test-taking the Vines Pen,
 our sex toy of the month.
 (BY STANLEY GREENBERG WOOD)

230 This Way Out
 Action, judgment. (BY RICHARD FRANK)



Style

The Norfolk jacket, a formula
 for office casual; weekend bags (**The Guide**, page
 97). Special illustrated foldout section: 47 rules to
 dress by (**The Laws of Fashion**, page 133).
 Three of Hollywood's most talented young actors show
 off the sharpest new spring lines (**Dressing the Part**,
 page 168). This summer, Asian influences mix with
 classic pieces. Where better to showcase the new looks
 than Hawaii? (**Greetings from the 50th State**,
 page 192). Anatomy of a wardrobe staple (**Close-
 Up: The Dress
 Shirt**, page 210).

Style Guide: a guide to the best of the
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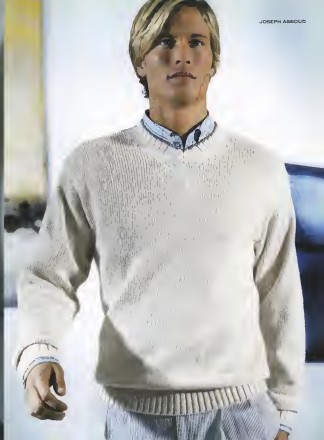
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The Sound & the Fury

OUR JANUARY ISSUE, which featured Robert De Niro on the cover, created a national stir over Pulitzer prize winner Ron Suskind's profile of White House senior political adviser Karl Rove. Suskind described a White House virtually devoid of serious discussion of domestic policy issues. He cited in particular remarks by former Bush administration adviser John Dillulis, who criticized the White House for "a complete lack of a policy apparatus." After publication, and following severe criticism from the administration, Dillulis apologized for his comments.

I picked up your January issue in a supermarket checkout line, and it fell open to Suskind's piece on Rove. I had to buy the magazine. Riveting, revelatory, scary—it was one of those rare stories that make you devoutly thank God for a free press. Thanks.

ARNE GOTTLIEB
New York, N.Y.

I was admiring your analysis—such all photos of the boarder [De Niro] and thinking, Gee, I bet this guy could do a great job, with little or no make-up, is a clever, contemporary version of a political comic based on the life and death of Suskind. Then I got to Suskind's story and realized Suskind isn't really dead—just incarcerated and going by the name of Karl Rove.

ROBERT HUTCHINGS
Metairie, La.

Many commentators have leaped to wild speculations over Dillulis's recantation of his statements to Suskind—as if the entire weight of the U.S. federal apparatus could be borne by any man. Indeed, Suskind quotes Rove's response to some unspecified irritant: "We will fuck him. Do you hear me? We will fuck him. We will run him. Like no one has ever fucked him!" So who among us could withstand any real threat to our country? Our fuck-buddy? Curiously, you wouldn't want to be getting on my chartered flight plane (Korean Dillulis related) ever. Gailbreth recanted.

GAIL L. GILBRETH
Philadelphia, Pa.

In appreciation of your efforts to expose us to the reality of the Bush White House, I subscribed to your magazine this morning. Thanks for remaking one of the few masculine writing voices in a polluted sea of journalistic cloyer-cloyer-panderous wank bags. Keep on looking that snarl and maybe some of these will start pumping testosterone.

DAVE ROBERTS
Gainesville, Calif.

Your exposé of Rove provides a timely spin on the Bush administration's policies. Suskind's selective research among Washington policy wonks and fence-sitters reveals Rove to be the power-broker maverick behind Bush's decisions. Rove, it seems, inspires fear and awe among his peers and looking in others. The major national informant, Dillulis, was Bush's adviser for faith-based initiatives, an area of public policy facing much congressional opposition caused by liberal-state fears. But Suskind traces the failure to enact and implement faith-based proposals to Rove's obsessions. I suspect that had these proposed programs been fully processed and funded, the writer and his editors would have learned this, too, as evidence of Rove's power and control. So why are they even laughing? Possibly because of current liberal joint needs for level of cynicism and superficial cynicism, the president's political fortunes must seem all the brighter.

WILLIAM B. CORNAB
Hannover, Wash.

The Wisdom of Others

The January issue also included our second annual special written on the Meaning of Life, featuring nearly a dozen new What I've Learned interviews. Our advice givers ranged from Ted Kennedy and Senator Rudenno to Ice Cube to a group of four college-newspaper sex-columnists.

Thank you for including my nephew, iconic Senator Kennedy among the impressively successful, silver-haired sages from whom we have much to learn. I was impressed with how reflective he is, being that there isn't a day that goes by when he doesn't think about his dead brothers. Of course, we are left to wonder if the things about Mary Jo Repulse during the same daily devotion.

MATTHEW BOWEN
Charlottesville, Va.

Ice Cube is one fucked-up dude. Doesn't he know that the so-called justice system is not just a game between them and us? It exists to protect people. Sure, some innocent dudes get beaten down by the man and a thousand Rodney Kings happen, but it is still not right to tell people—much less your wife, as many believe G. J. Simpson did.

NOEL WALLER
Galveston Springs, Ohio.

While I was flattered, and excited to be part of the sex columnists' What I've Learned, I was disappointed with the way the piece concluded. Reading the story with "It's only an option. I'm not an expert. Never said I was" gave

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The Sound & the Fury

the impression that none of the ladies featured are experts. While that quote was true of the other writers, it diminished my qualifications and background as a woman sexuality education I have a master's degree in human-sex education and am working on my Ph.D. in international community health. In a field where credibility is always at issue, I wish that more of a disclaimer as to my credentials had been made.

THOMAS E. FULFORD
New York University
New York, N.Y.

Childhood Horror

Supplementing our *Muzzling of Life* section was a chilling first-person account by journalist Kemp Powers. At the age of 14, Powers found his mother's gun and accidentally killed his best friend with a gunshot wound to the head. Powers recalled that day, and the indelible effect it had on his life, in "The Shooting."

Thank you for the riveting piece by Powers. While reading it on a crowded airplane, I found myself covering my mouth with my hand as I read the details of the day Powers shot his best friend. Although many may find this story an argument for gun control, the more compelling lesson for me was the need for compassion and forgiveness. Powers is carrying a burden far greater than any judge or jury could ever impose. Hopefully, through sharing his burden in print, he can find some relief.

THOMAS DODSON
Residence Manager, Criff

Readers who were too hefty "The Shooting" will find many more stories like it in women's magazines. Articles like this promote disrespecting the American man, who is growing less confident of his choices and freedom of the time. I think it's about time Ragone checked between its legs to see if anything's still there.

DAVID CORNIN
Rockwood, N.J.

Powers was very brave to expose to the world his regrets in killing his best friend to spite of his mother's abhorrence at reviving the subject. Communication helps heal. Powers's mother would be wise to try to work out her guilt and pain, even with help. Otherwise, I see a generation of violence between her and her son.

BARBARA GENDER
Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Calif.

The Best and Brightest

We continue to receive a passionate response to our December issue, which sought to honor the Best and Brightest men and women in America today. In particular, we received a flood of letters praising Robert Karson's profile of Illinois mayor Martin O'Malley ("The Pol").

I live in Canada and follow the news of the United States with interest and care a little trepidation. Your best and brightest issue was a thrill. Karson's article about O'Malley was especially insightful and made me sigh because my town is saddled with a mayor of no renown and even less foresight. So much of what comes out of the mouths of American politicians is isolated crap, and I am thoroughly blessed to read that there is hope.

SARAH ROYERSON
Toronto, Ont.

Last night, I read another great piece of journalism in *Esquire*. The profile of O'Malley is a clear and moving report, one of the best pieces I have ever seen on what it means to be a Democrat. It is so good that I sent a e-mail about it to a conservative friend in hopes that he would read it and gain a better understanding of us liberals. Thanks for such good journalism.

ROGER ANDER
Calver City, Calif.

Letters to the editor may be reprinted. The source information for *Esquire* is: P.O. Box 1000, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. Also, *Esquire* encourages the use of its 200-877-3333 toll-free 1-800-877-3333 toll-free number for the most complete information. Includes your telephone number and e-mail address please. Letters may be submitted online at esquire.com.



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Contributors

looking to capture the true essence of Hawaii for this month's style portfolio, "Gonzalez from the 50th State" (page 192) photographer **BEN WATTS** bypassed the usual tourist cameras and the one local franchise, introducing native Hawaiians to pose as models. Like the Watts is shooting super models in New York City's street style. His work reflects a certain edge that he draws out of his characters. "My photos try to capture what it is like to be young, awful of someone, perhaps angry but not violent—just the whole energy of being young," says Watts, whose book, *Big Up Honolulu* (Artforum Press), will be released in September. "Whenever I go somewhere, I always look at the young people first and use them to try to identify what is unique about that particular place."



Shortly after we wrote about military strategist **THOMAS BARNETT** in our December's *Think and Fight* issue, he gave the Defense staff a presentation on his theory of war and global politics. Just as he regularly does for government leaders in his adviser to the Department of Defense. We'll never read the notes the same way again. This month, Barnett delivers the same briefing to you. In "The Pentagon's New Mix" (page 214), in which he maps out America's recent military encounters and predicts future ones based on principles of global economic development. "We're at a time period not unlike after World War II," says Barnett, who is also a professor at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. "We're trying to ask the same great questions, like: How can a military superpower today influence history for the better? We established this overarching ideology for solving that wherever it's just anything. Another ideology was containment. In some ways, what they're doing is a new sort of containment—a containment of the new global places and the threat to shrink them."

With this month's Style issue, *Esquire* fashion creative director **STEFANO TONCHI** continues the dynamic evolution of the magazine's approach to helping men work on their dress well. As he has for five years, Tonchi will continue to take fashion on the road, using that people to model clothes ("Greetings from the 50th State") (page 192). Recently, he has added more instructional stories to the mix ("The Guide," page 10, "Close Up: The Dress Shirt," page 218). "We're trying to find more languages to speak to readers, giving them a different angle and look to choose from," says Tonchi. "We're going back to the basics of how to dress well and understand clothing. There is a generation of men who don't have role models. We're not telling this generation how to dress but how to recognize the value of a good suit and a good-quality shirt. This way, a guy can get into a store and know what he's asking for."

For this month's Game column (page 162) **CHRIS JONES** profiles one of baseball's greatest and fiercest players—the explosive, tobacco-choking former New York Jet and Philadelphia Phillie Phanatic Larry Dylaster. Jones found Dylaster in Corona, California, where the 30-year-old pitcher now owns two car washes. "It was weird to see him as a cyclist," says Jones, a former sportswriter for *Corolla's* *Autoline* (who has been *Esquire's* Game columnist since last summer). "I remember the horror stories about him as a player, about car accidents and gambling. He lived hard. People always talked about the tragedy of Larry Dylaster that was never to happen. I had expected him to be one of those sad stories, one of those guys who loses himself after the game is gone. But it was just the opposite. He has a great life, a wonderful family. He seems really happy."



One morning, *Esquire* editor in chief David Geiger and contributing editor **TOM CHAMBERLAIN** arrived at a golf course outside Indianapolis and found it was a couple hours before they could tee off. Twenty bucks to the caddy and "you're on the tee, gentlemen!" The idea was that twenty dollars was the golden ticket in this country. People will do almost anything for twenty bucks," says Chamberlain, who took the idea to new heights for this month's "500 Theory of the Universe" (page 224). In November, Chamberlain flew New York City with \$2,000 in twenties to see how far he could go. "You never know if you're going to make it or not. You have to wait, everybody looks like a potential buy-off. When you have a lot of twenties in your pocket, the world just looks like an entirely different place. You start asking, like you have money, everything once you're in the bottom of your pocket, you're done."



1. BOB DOLAN



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Editor's Letter



The \$20 Solution

YOU WANT TO KNOW why we publish the things we do? A big part of it is because we're curious about the world and we want to find the most enjoyable, the most entertaining, the most satisfying, the most interesting, the funniest ways of living our lives. And then we share our findings with you. Occasionally, we send puny pigs (also known as writers) out into the world to test our theories of human behavior.

Such is the situation with Yas Chavella's story in this issue, "The \$20 Theory of the Universe." The theory that led to this story was born way back in the early nineties. My friend Chuck had an acquaintance who was in a position of some influence (i.e., college mascot) at one of the world's great golf courses. One fall wedding, the three of us headed out to said great golf course armed only with Chuck's assurance that we were going to play—or at least, that we'd be there, pull our chairs on shoulder our bags, and head toward the

first tee. On the way, Chuck asks for twenty dollars from each of us. Chuck feels his acquaintance, introduces us, we all shake hands, and at some point (I'm not sure when) the sixty dollars changes hands. We play thirty-six.

The next spring, Craig, our third that day, tells me he has played the great golf course again. Talk him how. Twenty bucks, he says.

Which led to the birth of the Twenty-Dollar Theory of the Universe. If twenty bucks used correctly could get us as one of the most exclusive golf courses in America, then there's almost nothing it couldn't do. As Chavella mentions in the note on the Contributors page, he and I have used that theory at more than a few other golfing venues. A couple months ago, we asked him to test the theory on the world at large. What he has written is a remarkable Esquire story that reveals one of the mysteries of life and explains, in eminently practical terms, how to make your life better for twenty bucks.

It's a pretty simple purpose—trying to find ways to make life better—and, in this issue, as with all our issues, it is a string that runs through the entire magazine, binding it together.

The lives of style? Yup. The new status column, in which we recommend a CD that will, if not your life? Yup. The Answer Index? Always. The Women We Love? Course Wilson is all about making you a better man. Sens. Flynn's story about what happened to the investigation into the sex-hum murderer? Well, it may make you a more prepared man.

But there is one truly special story in this issue—one that you'll find in no other magazine. If you remember our December issue, the one we called the Best and Brightest, which was about people on the cutting edge, doing work that will improve our country and our world, you might remember how Vladimir Barron. Tom Barron is a new discovery. He puts the world—especially the parts

of the world where terrorism and unrest are brewing—into context. He does this for the Secretary of Defense, and he draws conclusions about how best to avert or manage conflicts—and thus how to keep our country safer.

On page 124, Barron has annotated the world. More specifically, he has annotated the world's hot spots and the likelihood of war in each of those places. For the first time, someone with a position in the government explains what we're really understanding when we go to war in Iraq. It's not just about disarmament. Rather, the United States is redrawing the map of the region, we are shrinking the Gap (to use Barron's term), we are changing the course of history by adopting a good-offense-is-the-best-defense strategy.

This is an entirely unprecedented look inside the thinking that will guide our defense strategy over the next five to ten years. It's fantastic and challenging story. In November, Barron came and presented his philosophy of global conflict to our staff. It was amazing and kind of breathtaking. It made each of us feel as though we had a slightly better grip on some of the most frightening issues ever to face our country and the world. I hope it has the same effect on you, making your life a little better. And it won't cost you anything close to twenty bucks.

—David Granger

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Man at His Best

ALI ★ LARTER

This nice young woman, through a reval of her own, has become a Hollywood star. Her name is Ali Larter, and she has been on TV, too, and she's made many movies, considering her age, which is 26, and that she sort of grew up in a famous family. Six years ago, Larter was modeling what she showed up on the cover of the magazine, posing as someone named Alice Coleman, the reason it got. Alice was an extraordinary, and she was quite made up a great speed of the star-making game. One of the kids of the 1990s, she was the most beautiful. Alice and when the song and the movie people started calling her out. We had have the girl they said, who's her agent? We said, she's like, and they went, We knew that. But then, because that's how it is, Ali Larter, who had her lovely face to Alice Coleman, became a star, too. She has been in many movies. Varsity Blues, the new/True Detective, and a whole lot more. Of course, Larter says, "she was one of those things that like you to the best of you, you know? she was a star." And she said, "This is the best of the best," who gave Alice the, please as you know. Alice is a star of Hollywood. Coleman, too, is a star. Coleman gives us to show the status of a religious icon it reads like a document of modern life, but in mind you will as you're reading the story. Coleman is not.



March Ted Turner sports off (p. 66), the up-
side of impotence (p. 78), the man who dresses
like a clown (p. 78), and a critique of the (p. 86)



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(The Awards)

The 7 Most Remarkable Things in Culture This Month

1. Strangest Military Theory

"The disintegration of Napoleon's army may be traceable to something as small as the disintegration of a button—a tin button, to be exact... When temperatures drop below 56 degrees F, shiny metallic tin starts to crumble into a nonmetallic gray powder. Were Napoleon's men, as the buttons on their uniforms fell apart, so weakened by the chilling cold they could no longer function as soldiers?"

—From the new book *Napoleon's Buttons: How 17 Molecules Changed History*



2. Wittiest Image —From *Sellbity*, a new book by George Lois, who designed many of Esquire's legendary covers in the '60s

3. Lyrics Least Likely to Get You Laid "I'm Quickbeam with the masterplan / I'm Bombadil with the mic in my hand / We're Lords of the Rhymes from a far off land / And We'll Rock this joint with our hobbit band."

—From *Lords of the Rhymes*, a rap group that sings about *The Lord of the Rings*, at lotr.fishlulayen.com

4. Most Thought-Provoking List

"7 Movies in Which Best Actor Crises Like a Big Fat Rat: *Amadeus*, *Shogun*, *Changeling*, *Lonesome*, *Chasing Amy*, *Peep World*, *Amadeus*, *Crimes*, *The Sum of All Fears*."

—From *Not So Safe* by a movie character as observed and other surprising movie lists, a new book by movie critic Richard Roeper

5. Best Boast by a Member of Congress

"I could strangle throat the entire right wing of fear in the canton across a yallow, making me over impossible to best. Myself in states discovered my skill the second year of this competition and put me in the anchor position from there on. We won the next two years. I had just started to lose."

—From *Independence Men*, a memoir by Senator Jim Inhofe

6. Snappiest Comeback

RELAX To like to have a list of snafu with access to the president's chambers. **CAUTION** Happily there are only two of them. The first is named Fuch. The second is named Off.

—From the noir thriller *The Gancer Upstairs*, directed by John Malkovich

7. Most Romantic Letter

"Tell me the smallest things about yourself so long as they are obscene and secret and filthy and every sentence be full of dirty, innuendo, words and sounds... I am happy now, because my little whore told me she would be to give her assignments... More and dirtier than this she wants to do my little silent fucker, my naughty whorling little finger, my sweet dirty little finger."

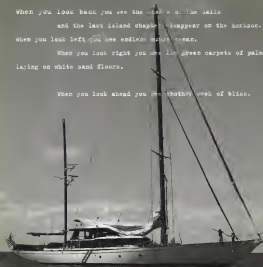
—From a comparatively tame letter by James Joyce to his wife as quoted in *Classic Dirty*, collection of camp writing edited by Jack Manning

Drivers wanted.

When you look back you see the shadow of the sails
and the last island chapter disappear on the horizon.
When you look left you see endless waves mean.

When you look right you see the green carpets of palm
laying on white sand floors.

When you look ahead you see another week of bliss.

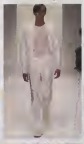






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Rule No. 49: Calling the phone numbers listed in movies or plays will not get you answers into their fictional worlds. **Rule No. 50:** Never trust a man with more than one umbrella in his name. **Rule No. 51:** A man wearing a paper-brimmed hat is, during the time he has it on, precisely one sixth of a man.

Man at His Best Books



» The Battle over Bias

The media does a lot of things wrong—gawking, innuendo, a little condescension—but it's guilty of a liberal bias? The superintending conservative golden-haired commentator Ann Coulter (left) said several tons of her book *Shut Up or Charge!* that yes, the media is a pack of the left. Now swinging back for the liberal liberals is veteran columnist Eric Alterman with his rebuttal book, *What a Liberal Media!* (square had a few unbiased questions for him). —DANIEL FORBES

EQ: Do you worry that engaging in a dispute with Ann Coulter is a mistake?

EA: Definitely. I debate myself every time I say her name. That's why I said from the beginning that it's gonna take a lot of money to get me to debate.

EQ: How did you first become aware of her?

EA: I was on MSNBC with her when it first began. No one had ever heard of her. And the craziest things would come out of her mouth. She was a strange animal, I almost wanted her like my wolf or animal in a cage rather than someone I could engage with in any way.

EQ: Give us an example of why you think there's no liberal bias.

EA: The hatred of the media for Al Gore, and the sucking up to George Bush. The reporters who covered Gore hated his guts. Now I suppose to think the country is 50 percent left or right is ridiculous, but the Democrats are not losers, but the media is not demonstrating the objectivity of the issues. In a poll taken recently by the New York Times, we see it again. The country doesn't like such a position, but it likes Bush. That's supposed to be how you find about a likelihood, not a prediction.

EQ: Would it necessarily be a bad thing if there were bias in the American media?

EA: To me, the whole idea of bias is sort of autistic. Another word for bias is condescension. The media should be biased, and objectively is a shame. In Europe, that's not why the media works, you buy a newspaper that shares your politics every page of *The Guardian*, the *Financial Times*, is biased. And the world is much more understandable to people. Fox News probably does a better job of reporting the news in an understandable way than CNN or NBC, because it provides context.

EQ: As a liberal, who do you find more objectionable: Bill O'Reilly, Chris Matthews, or Rush Limbaugh?

EA: No question it's Limbaugh. He has an army. I think O'Reilly and Matthews are uninteresting. I don't think anybody would follow the dollar into the fire, but Limbaugh is different. The lack of civility that he demonstrates toward liberal politicians is really dangerous to our political public. I think to say it, but I wish the guy would have gone deaf. I should say that, but on behalf of the country, it would be better without Rush Limbaugh and his 20 million listeners.



Big Important Book of the Month

IN CASE JERRY BENICHERMER is reading this, here's the pitch: 19th-century Princeton women 19th-century American literature. Meet Jane Pearl's debut novel, *The Dante Club* (Random House, \$22), an evaluation and explication of *The Divine Comedy*. Who can solve these devilish crimes? Why, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell, famous writers and Dante obsessives who were led in to CSB. Pearl's Dante scholarship is truly admirable, and both all anyone who's this passionate about the crazy Florence—oh, indeed, to suppose who's this passionate about solving. Collectively, Pearl seems to be under the impression that people in Civil War-era Boston spoke like Hollywood's idea of 19th-century Brits. ("I fear you think me a great cheat," Professor Lowell.") But, you've got to admire her enthusiasm. As Holmes says to Lowell, "I fear I will coach your Dante music." The book is commercial and not, in such, deeply subjective. Don't be surprised when having read *The Dante Club*, you find yourself re-visiting your old Italian college class. (How much, it turns out, you've been missing. —ADRIENNE MILLER)



DOLCE & GABBANA



DOLCE & GABBANA



DOLCE & GABBANA

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CORNELLIANI SHOWCASES LATENT COLLECTION
CORNELLIANI Made to Measure Thank Stars will be the star at an October 25 cocktail reception *Esquire* hosted at the **W**. **SID** rock's wear store in New York Center, Massachusetts. David Forbes, wide member of the Super Bowl XXXVI and plays New England Patriots, is also a special appearance.



1 From left: David Forbes of New England Patriots via a president of the Super Bowl XXXVI and plays New England Patriots, is also a special appearance.
 2 At left: David Forbes of New England Patriots, is also a special appearance.

FERRER HOUSE AND ESQUIRE SALUTE HARRY BENSON
JOKE and *Esquire*, in association with the **APRIL FINE ART GALLERY** in Los Angeles, hosted a champagne preview to celebrate the work of legendary photographer Harry Benson. More than 300 guests enjoyed Ferrer House champagne and viewed photos from the new book *Harry Benson: 50 Years in Pictures*, which captures the rise and fall of the Berlin Wall, and the stunning report of Sandy Usher by a young Cassius Clay.



1 Photographer Harry Benson, his son and daughter, Harry Benson Jr., and his wife, Gail Benson.
 2 The Benson family, daughter of Harry Benson, with friends.
 3 Guests at the reception.
 4 Macroscopic of champagne supplied by the event's co-sponsor, Ferrer House.

PERRY ELLIS AND ESQUIRE IN THE GREAT WHITE HOUSE
 On October 24, **PERRY ELLIS** and *Esquire* hosted a Toronto in-store event featuring Martin Luther King Jr. *Esquire* More than 500 enthusiastic guests attended the event at **THE BAR**. **ROD** took an all-star per session. *Esquire* & *Esquire* who hosted the event, also led a question and answer session with the local hockey hero. *Esquire* invited with fans, who received a limited edition puck with their Perry Ellis purchase.



1 Perry Ellis of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Martin Luther King Jr. of the Toronto Maple Leafs.
 2 *Esquire* reader's favorite & host with Perry Ellis.

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Rule No. 291 There is no shame in eggs for dinner. **Rule No. 292** There is no shame in cinnamon toast. **Rule No. 293** There is, however, a little shame in eating a Lobster Caudron ensolei at home, alone, pondering what's wrong in television. Look at yourself, man. Just look at yourself.

Man at His Best Food & Drink

A Few Too Many



WE OFTEN WISHED I could plunge into a pool of gin and tonic to a man of bounding. Too much wine might make him a drowsy, but for the makers of California vintage 2002, it may prove to be a nightmare come true. Although sales weren't too bad at press time, industry analysts have predicted that another huge crop (on top of bumper-sized harvests from 2000 and 2001) will have to be liquidated into a glut and ultimately lower wine prices and lower shelves this year. Bad news for the wine companies, good news for you. To avoid all that product, we've listed (and not just the ones in California) are going to be slacking price tags, meaning that you could be drinking some special bottles at well below cost. It's hard to tell just who will be hit hardest, but here are a handful of vintners that are always worth a glance and promise to be less of a splash when used in a postgame month.

—JAN DILLON, EW.COM

- » **Coldstream Hills chardonnay, Australia, \$18.** This wine always tastes and smells spicy, nutty, and classy, like a French Mouscat out at half the price. It's not out until July, 190.
- » **Cole's pinot noir, Central Coast, \$20.** I have always thought the nuttiness-meets-spicy raspberry scent of Cole's pinot noir reminded me as much of an awesome Moroccan stew as a wine. Year in and year out, it stays true, with distinct character.
- » **Casciolo Ruffi Cum Laude, Tuscany, \$36.** The super-Tuscan model blends the best traits of the local Brunello grape with cabernet, merlot, and syrah. Try it and see what's behind the super, merely gorgeous Italian, rich fruit, and a spicy acidity.
- » **Clos du Bois Montagna, Alexander Valley, \$38.** Montagna was one of the first of California's famous proprietary blends modeled on French Bordeaux and made from its grapes, chardonnay, cabernet, merlot, and cabernet franc. It's powerful and complex but sleek and elegant.
- » **Principiano Oakville Estate Magnificat, Napa, \$45.** This cabernet blend boasts traditional Napa characteristics: cedar and mint scents, blackberry flavor, and texture that's like velvet wallpaper for the tongue. Flavor like this should cost twice this price.

Antique Meat

THEY JUST DON'T MAKE SOME things the way they used to—like, say, shop carpenter or its Cousin or medieval torture devices. Or meat. And on days before harvest, before factory farms, before animals were raised far from their natural state of being, meat just tasted better. And now you can sample that vintage flavor.

A growing number of farms are producing free-range meats, which, like their forebears, come from the most scrupulous breeds of days gone by. In general, all this antique meat—whether pork, beef, lamb, or turkey—is less richer and more flavorful than the mass-bred cuts you'll find in the refrigerators at Safeway. The benefits—with gusto—comes from the farm-to-table hog. On cold Longwood Island, Maine, gourmet turkey and chicken, the—on rare, often numbering a few thousand or even a few hundred. But by buying them, you're actually helping to produce the breed by making them viable in the marketplace. (Yes, save an endangered breed.)

To get some antique meat sent to you, visit the online store www.ancientmeats.com or historicfarmlife.com. (We live it or not, you should place your order time for meat Thanksgiving a turkey to give the farm a name to give your land.) Or you can go to the local farmer's market to find a farmer in a town near you.

—JOHN WILSON/AMC

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first, lock into the driver-oriented, leather-trimmed cockpit of the Acura RSX Type-S. For even more information or to find out where you can take a test flight, call us at 1-800-TO-Acura or visit acura.com



Announcing the Finest Menswear Specialty Stores: The Esquire Retail 100

Excellent stores in many forms, not the least of which are quality and value. When you invest in clothing—tailored or casual—above all you want to invest wisely. And there's no better way than by tapping into the best. Shopping at a men's store that delivers the finest brands with the best customer service means that your investment comes first and foremost.

With this in mind, we're pleased to share the Esquire Retail 100, the premier men's specialty stores in America. With decades of experience selling in America's most discerning men, they are true experts in delivering personalized quality of the utmost value. We encourage you to visit these stores and discover what a smart investment shopping in the right environment can be.

ALABAMA

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ALASKAS

Francisco Men's Store / Little Rock

CALIFORNIA

Manly's / Burlingame
Allen Strickland / Costa Mesa
Men Box / Encino
Patrick Jami / Fresno
Ron Herman / San Angeles
Mark Michaels / Marina del Rey
Gates / Newport Beach
Don Vincent / Palm Springs
Classic International / Thousand Oaks
Larkin / San Diego
Walter Baumbach / San Francisco
Gale Hirsch / San Jose

COLORADO

Andrews Men's / Denver
Lawrence Condit / Denver
Gordon Ltd. / Vail

CONNECTICUT

Richards / Greenwich
Micheaux / Milford

FLORIDA

Guy La Ferriere / Boca Raton
Living Enrich / Hollywood
Sellers / Miami
Gonzalez / Palm Beach
Hans and Hoffman / Palm Beach
Mr. Sep / Palm Beach
Nick Todoroff / Tallahassee
Kurtis Men's Wear / Tampa

GEORGIA

Gentry's / Atlanta

ILLINOIS

Mark Shale / Chicago
St. James / Chicago
Katzman Levine / Evanston

INDIANA

Baugh / Indianapolis

KANSAS

Bruck's / Wichita

KENTUCKY

Rosen / Louisville

LOUISIANA

Wynn & Gaudin / Alexandria
Cassie Tabor / Baton Rouge
E. Canada / Lafayette
Pinto / New Orleans
Barnett Rock / New Orleans
Boudreau / Savannah

MARYLAND

George Howard / Baltimore
P. S. Edwards / Baltimore
Juels / Bethesda
Wynn Bros. / Bethesda

MASSACHUSETTS

Kay / Andover
Lowe Brothers / Boston
Stearns & Smith / Cambridge
Mr. Sep / Newton
Yan Gerson / Westborough

MICHIGAN

The Classic Shop / Bloomington
Van Dusen / Chelsea Lake
A. K. Biele / Grand Rapids

MINNESOTA

Planet White / Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Sam Carver / Natchez

NEBRASKA

Roberts / Omaha

NEVADA

C. Fine / Las Vegas
Merriman / Las Vegas

NEW JERSEY

Lee Newman / Cherry Hill
Richard Bennett Clothing
for Men / Hightstown

NEW YORK

Kauf / Olean City
Gorman / Roseton
Carson's / Albany
Sellers / Albany
Jewelry / Chatham
Marshall / Hightstown
Bridgman Goodman / New York
Shirley / New York
Pete Drake / New York

VERMONT / RHODE

Foreman / Acworth / South Hampton
Thomas Miller / Woodbury
North Carolina
Tom Shaw Co. / Charlotte
Taron Richards & Company / Charlotte
Linnay Deane / Hunt Place
Chick's / Raleigh
Norman Strickland / Winston-Salem

OHIO

Kagame Ticker / Cleveland
Adams / Rocky River
Gentry's / Wadsworth

OKLAHOMA

Mr. Olen's / Oklahoma City

OREGON

Matson / Portland
Pantylunda

PENNSYLVANIA

Wynn & Gaudin / Philadelphia
Lawrence's / Pittsburgh
Tennessee

Max McCarty & Co. / Knoxville
James Davis / Memphis
Chas. Hall / Memphis
Ley's / Nashville

TEXAS

Carter & Condit / Austin
Morgan / Dallas
Parker / Dallas
Stanley Krimm / Dallas
A. Tabor / Houston
Hansen in the Heights / Houston
M. Penman / Houston
Nelson Ottis / Houston
Jim Brand / Lubbock
Maddox / Lubbock
Tupper / San Antonio
South Carolina
Cowan / Columbia
Virginia
Belford & Bell / Newport News
Dorson / Roanoke
Washington
Maddox / Seattle

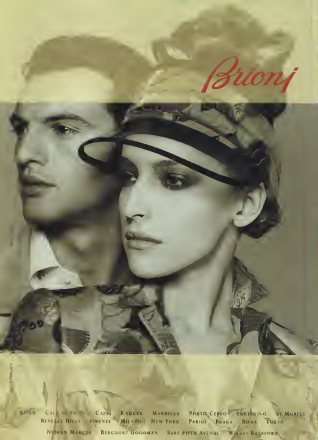
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Jimmy Stewart demonstrates the sporty side of casual in his Norfolk jacket and baggy pants, circa 1946



What to Wear Now

The Guide

The Norfolk Jacket

We're here to tell you that there's a nothing wrong with pleats. The one caveat, in fact, unless you get cut pleats and the most standard pleats all day. Pleats help you move. They're a forgiving compromise with suit trousers, they're easy to pack on the go, and they make the Norfolk the most flexible sport coat going. The Norfolk first came into vogue in the early twentieth century, probably for the same reason as its name: it was used for the sportmen, thanks to its adjustable belt and pleats across the back that allowed the wearer to ride his rifle on his own surface in popular American fashion until after World War II when the boys came home with money to burn and a desire for the military they were serving in the trenches. It took a while for the military to get to his, but it was great in his own distinct way. Looking at the Norfolk, the Norfolk remains the most stylish of sport coats. The king of the pleats. Three button single-breasted linen jacket (St. Ws), polo by Ralph Lauren



The Style Guide

The Weekender

1. Hogan, \$1,195

You might be putting a little down for the trendy Hogan name here, but you're getting a really bang-out amenity from soft leather, a leather, and a time-fused made with a great-looking modern design. Your call.

2. Louis Vuitton, \$985

Louis Vuitton's classic stein in luggage, soft leather, and a classic modernism from cowhide, with distinctive hardware lined in ultra-soft suede. A little more to you, the timeless LV appears on the shoulder strap.

3. Gucci, \$495

The Gucci brand in-styles mouth-forming among fellow stars, but behind the house marketing is quality craftsmanship and internal style. This leather duffel is the most piece of luggage you'll buy.

1

2

3

4

5

6

LOW

4. Jack Spade, \$275

A relative newcomer, Jack Spade's new page 140s holds its own among the veterans. The black drill duffel has leather trim and a necktie in-vent to keep the team tucked away from the sweat locker.

5. Swiss Army, \$195

Swiss Army's craftsmanship matches its classic style for testing power. The nylon duffel has plenty of pockets, wet-dry storage, and a V-shaped opening for easy access.

6. Adidas, \$40

In tough, water-proof nylon, the sports Adidas carryall is as strong as they come but lightweight enough not to be hindered after a morning on the basketball court.

For more information see page 229. The guide online with info on stores and designers. www.esquire.com

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High

(the game)

(by Chris Jones) >>>



Baseball legend **Lenny Dykstra** is forty, and he's, like, happy

LENNY DYKSTRA has a new set of needs. Well, not really. Really, he has a new set of caps, big and white and straight, kept in place by the so-bacco-stained straps he became famous for today. But at first glance, it looks as though Lenny has a whole new string of needs. You have to hear him talk to know they're only caps.

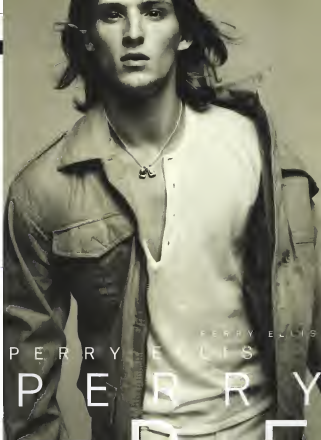
His plans were out the original, and this is how: When he was in the minors, he got laid up. And Casey's autobiography. (Now, it's worth mentioning that Lenny grew up in some kind of love with Rod Carew. "There had to be my cup out of the middle," Lenny says, "and he showed me how.") Anyway, Carew wrote in his book that he stuffed baseballs of clay into his mouth before games, believing the budge tightened his cheek, which it most surely did, and that the tightening in his cheek stretched out his eye and gave him a better view of

the universe, which it most surely did not.

But on a big, down-at-night, in some back-slasher novel, Lenny didn't think it through. He decided on the spot that chewing tobacco would let him see out of the whites of his eyes. And the very next morning, he found a new, perhaps ironic, school, for a man like Lenny is so serious in sweeping his eyes. He went to the store and bought the first pouch of the leaf he would pack into his mouth before every game for the rest of his life. Anything to be something like the best.

Who knows? Maybe it worked after all. Lenny cracked the lineup of the New York Mets at twenty-two, in 1985. He would lead the league in hits twice, and thirty or more bays six times, and hit ten games with home runs, including four in a single World Series. No argument, Lenny had a gift for turning moments into no moments—right from his first game, against the Reds in Cincinnati, in a stadium that has since vanished, and his first hit, a home run, over a fence that has since fallen. On his third game, when he made a terrific catch in center field, robbing a record-seeking Pete Rose of a hit and changing some small part of the future, later to become some small part of history.

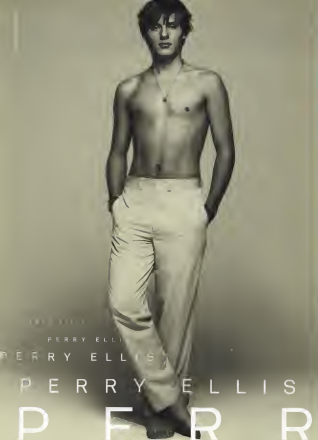
"I got hurt from him," Lenny says, moving from his cherrywood desk to the Rose often after to stretch out the machine back that ended his career. "But, dude, (continued on page 108)



PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS



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P F R R V



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PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS

Automobile

FAMPURE 8000 WIND
"The Falcon was crowned by the best model in its breed, which is growing in popularity" Jan 2001

Popular Mechanics

"Falcon has come up with a state of the art detector - the Falcon ES20" Jan 2001

CAR DRIVER

PASSPORT 8000 SILE
"Driver's latest detector offers good performance and a long list of features - a good value" Jan 2001

Roundel

"Whether you drive Ford or Vauxhall, they offer genuine protection" Jan 2001

MOTOR TREND

PASSPORT 8000 WIND
"In the new 2000 category of high and entry-level detectors, the car goes to the Passport ES20" Jan 2001

European car

"Escort is in that with the Passport ES20 - the detector is a technical masterpiece, highly recommended" Jan 2001

Backroads

"Passport ES20 is a very fit in member and seems to work a very lot as good as the ES... it came across great better" Jan 2001

RadarTest.com

PASSPORT 2000 WIND
"The new Passport ES20's leading-edge technology makes the car another notch as high performance radar and laser detectors - the World's Best" Jan 2001

Motorcycle Consumer NEWS

"Volunteer I have been able to name at price. But now there's a less expensive alternative, the Passport ES20, and simple independent test data confirms it's a serious contender" Jan 2001

SpeedTimes

"In Road Passport ES20 pick a lot of the time," with the most useful features, and becomes performance" Jan 2001

Vette

"With the ES20, you are driven in your normal manner and not worry about supplying a constantly changing accuracy. I repeat use the speed" Jan 2001

SPORT COMPACT CAR

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The Betting Man

(by Robert Kurson)

(the game) >>>

not long ago, when Lemay was charged with sexual battery of one of his seven-year-old female employees, that the charges were dismissed, pending a little somewhat less press. Not so previously, Lemay likes to encourage his growing fanbase, and if you feel the need for an audience, it's as good a place as any to seek him out. So if you sat, Lemay's *Dynasty's Car Wash* is on a block past Bay Street, tucked behind the Shell.

But back to the "It's all about me" graphics," Lemay says, grinning evilly. (It, some accurately, saying excited.) He's been in his chair, out of his chair, to the bathroom twice—not to go, just to make sure it's still there—and now he's back down on the floor of his lounge next office, his head resting on a pile of fluffy white towels. "It's just another day, bro. And they're all babies, sometimes. So they're got two cars, and they put a lot of miles on them, and there was no much competition. What you are here, we're gonna send them to their fucking room!"

He gets up—here we go again—and lies against the great pane of one-way glass that looks to the outside. He smokes here on a red light, for asking in his car model, watching the cars come out of the car wash, rows of the glancing under the California sun, and smoking peeks at some of the hottest looking rappers too. "Yo, we got a nice little cash going," he says. "KEEP IT COMING, BOYSH! KEEP IT COMING!"

And then the show's over, this time on the TV suspended from the ceiling, which he converts into a screen, just a few feet away, and oh, yeah, almost forgot, Lemay's been put back a while later of a dark-wrapped candy. Dude is a light.

"Cowboy Joe West," he says when the screen ambles across the field of view. "He always used to be some bawling like. Sorry, Joe, have to ask you to come, so actually make a FUCKING CALL. Easy piece of shit."

Lemay, on Mike Madsen. "I know all about guys like him. College boys. That they're better than every one else. Bitch!"

Andrew Allison Sotomayor: "Everybody's been blinded by this guy's offense. But which way go? HE'S A BACKSLASH! No offense!" One, one, and with his team down by a hole which of them, Sotomayor makes the very large set of being at the first pitch, the top of the following



HOW TO BET THE NEXT POPE

There is a vast being waged in gambling, and now's the time to profit from it. First, however, you must shed your antiquated wagering instincts. Then you must learn to get into the minds of strangers. Internet bookmakers are asking threats for your business. To lure you, some offer propositions on nonparting events. A few are plain goofy. At betcents.com, customers wager on whether Christ the Agnelus will visit her books any time. (It's a trap, you say you get a 1-1 shot, does 1-1 shot go, however, there's a twist that makes them vulnerable to gamblers who see get inside the minds of decision makers. That's why you can beat them. It's always predictable.)

Take the Academy Awards. And the pope. Several internet books post Oscar odds this time of year. (By Christmas, betcents.com had made George of New York a 2-1 favorite to win the Best Picture, Chicago was a 1-1 shot, and does 1-1 shot go, however, there's a twist that makes them vulnerable to gamblers who see get inside the minds of decision makers. That's why you can beat them. It's always predictable.)

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caption from Lemay's book: *Dynasty's*

"Dude, bro, I'm a light poker. You got to make your play according to the situation. And the courts like the per 3. It's better when you do. And when you do, you don't have to worry on the first fucking pitch, bro? You don't take that 10 percent chance of getting a hit or when over it and go with it. I can't take watching those guys fucking it up. I CAN'T TAKE IT!"

They spring up, concerned game. Lemay's choice of managing to Class A

shel, the Middle in New, that when he got his shot to bet back to the game, he didn't last another couple of weeks. He said he wanted to be home with his wife and kids, but he couldn't make that shift from his plush civilian life back to the bushes. Maybe that was the truth, but the greater truth, Lemay couldn't stand watching a spoiled go of a position drop the ball, baseball most of all.

"I just can't take it," he says again, sticking across the room to his desk. So there all the things that people who



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INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS™

(the game)

don't use their desk very much, have on their desks a phone, a big-framed calculator, a tap-of-the-line stapler, a mug of four beans and peas. He hasn't touched them all day, and now his miskey runs the calculator's fingers to the edge of the desk, the stapler is parallel to it, the mug is where it's never to be, the bunch of them lined up like little soldiers. Only then does he pick up the remote and flick off the TV. And this is even in his sleep, he puts a book in straight-edged rows with everything else.

Just do.

"You had enough," he says, twirling the phone cord to make sure it fits flat. "Let's go home."

O only it's harder as simple as that, in a TV room, he pulls his black Cadillac—"Don American, bro?"—into the gas station next door. He struggles with the pump—"No wonder I never fucking come here!"—and then pulls at the people waiting for the two-dollar car wash, telling them to get their cheap selves over to his place for the \$22.95 diesel drive Wash 'n' Wax. Then he buys some tickets for the SuperLotto Plus—"Dude, it's up to \$50 million!"—and then, finally, he heads over to Pizza Hut, where all the money hangs out.

He's ordered two large pans for the family, but that's the restaurant that lost him the wife, too. He takes the girl behind the counter how long it'll take to serve 'em up. "Like, about eight minutes," she says, and suddenly Lenny looks as though he's facing the worst hour of his life: the moment when the whole sta-

tion line. She's not smiling at him, but he's a family man now, and his kids would really like the wings, so, yeah, he'll make the ultimate sacrifice and get some.

A few seconds later, he's feeling awful again. He asks the girl how they're coming. "Um, like, fine?"—whips out to the little shop next door to buy a couple more lottery tickets, and then he's back and standing on his tiptoes, trying to look into the kitchen. He doesn't want to see the girl's hand time, but really, WHERE ARE THOSE GOD-DAMNED WINGS?

They're coming right up, and finally, blessedly, he's headed for home. He looks out the doorway and pan down his greasy hair makes two or three phone calls, puts on signal, follows too close, and, at last, pulls through the black iron gate into the Sherwood Country Club and into the gated community that surrounds it. Nestled among brown mountains and the lush first luxury sales moonshot vanilla-stone pile. There are rockers and a first and an apartment pool on back and, well, so much for the dream house life now.

There's in the kitchen, where the water level on the fridge is full of Gatorade—hey, you can really get a taste for the stuff—and there's a pet cat rubbing its head on the four-pane stove, opposite the granite island counter top that's come out of the shop of a bachelor apartment. This place is like the Top Gun—

"BOY?"

Right. Everyone finally came into the party. Lenny, in the meantime, can't help putting the game on. He looks pleased—

with how many left in the fan, sure, but not so because Acabit is about to poke New York's eye out.

"Oh, yeah? THE ANGELS ARE GOING TO TUBA BANG?"

But he won't stick around to watch the celebration. They all look the same, and he's seen them before. Instead, he goes upstairs. He checks to see that the maid hasn't cleaned any of his underwear out of place, grabs a clean shirt out of his dresser, through closet, and returns toward the game room. A photograph he likes to look at is in there, blown up as the wall, and he wants to look at it now as he does. And he sees

There's a fat wad of cash stuffed in his mouth. He's on the last leg of an epic race around the bases after hitting a walk-off home run against the Houston Astros in the NLCS, way back when he played for those very same Mets. All his teammates, all the teammates he doesn't really know anymore, are waiting for him at home plate. And the crowd is waiting for him, too, cheering, faces open with joy. Lenny tries to go a closer look, but for the first time in a long while, he is scared.

"They feel it with you, and all these people remember that day, every last one of them. It guarantees that they all remember me being that home run, bro."

He looks at the photograph for a little while longer, takes the time to unroll back the memory "I got some bumps every time I think about it," he says. There's one last flash of his perfect new teeth. And just like that, Lenny Dykstra is gone again. ■

BY PETER J. RAY, ILLUSTRATION

a. testoni

Damn Good Advice By John Caruso



DON'T BE AFRAID TO TRY A NEW GEEK

(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

(by charlayne woodard)

1. We revel in our own power, just like men do. We don't want to have to squish ourselves so our men can feel strong. So rise up and meet us eye to eye in our queenliness.

2. We don't need to hear "I love you." We prefer to feel "I love you," see "I love you," experience "I love you."

3. We love a well-groomed man. Hair sticking out of the ears and nose is a turnoff. Also, long nails belong on pimps.

4. We hate it when you're talking to us on the phone and typing on your computer at the same time. No, we don't like that at all.

5. We don't consider the ear an erogenous zone.

6. We don't like to have sex when we're not in the mood, but we do it all the time. (And men can't tell the difference.)

7. Women love men who love their mothers. Men who love their mothers generally know, love, and have great respect for women.

8. On the other hand, women hate it when men talk about their mothers all the time.

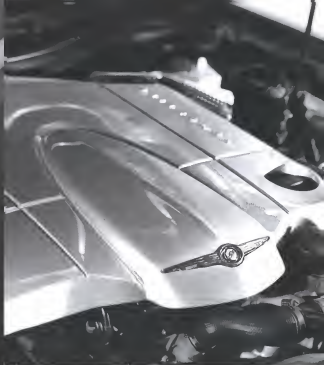
9. We need a plan. We don't feel comfortable winging it. We need the specifics of what's going on and who's going to be there. That way we know what to wear.

10. We like to be kissed, and the kiss doesn't always need to be a prelude to sex. We love the surprise kisses. Gift kisses. An out-of-the-blue kiss while we're watering plants or peeling potatoes.

Charlayne Woodard is an actress and playwright. Many more things you don't know about women: esquire.com/women

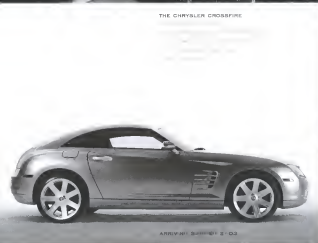


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DRIVE & LOVE

(music)

(by andy langer) >>>

Can one album single-handedly make jazz relevant again? Should you care? One listen to **The Bad Plus's** *These Are the Vistas* will damn sure make you care.

a S JAZZ APPRECIATION Month approaches. I'm planning to honor it the same way I do the Great American Breakfast: by ignoring it. It's not that I'm in denial—I've always appreciated that jazz exists—but I have a problem keeping myself tuned in to a genre of music that inevitably leaves me with the nagging feeling that I have a lot to learn. It's

like they left the decoder ring out of my jewel case. And, for the same, people I'd ask for help on the parade-mattheists and hipsters I actively avoid. Imagine if there was a just record for the rest of us to get excited about, one you wouldn't have to renege your love of Physical Graffiti for. As self-described "power piano trio" known as the Bad Plus has delivered just that album.

These Are the Vistas introduces the Bad Plus as seriously talented musicians who don't take themselves too seriously. They've earned their stripes with jazz parties by packing some of the room-filling jazz clubs in New York. Yet joined with Grammy-winning producer Tchad Blake—a man best known for imaging some sparks to Pearl Jam, Sheryl Crow, and Les Leanos—they've delivered with a second billing enough to make: tricked-out revision of pop songs by Blackal and Norvins, with the occasional fast of voice-talies and r'n'g microphones. They're just a version of the Joe Fingers—loud and moaning, but with a pinch of the playful. From the opening drawl, Buster Field Anderson, pianist

> the Bad Plus: from left, Brian Hanson, Reid Anderson, and David King



Five More Records Worth Your Lunch Money



Hall & Oates, *Do It for Love* (J-Watch). Let's face it, we've all taken a little guilty pleasure in "Secretary's Office" prophecies. Hall & Oates. They're back with their first new album in five years—a set of instantly memorable songs offering new reason to take on a little music and a bigger record store. **Three stars** all day. **February 11**



Jesse Miller, *The Fine Art of Self Destruction* (Artemis). Ryan Adams's production credit may earn your attention, but Jesse Miller's songs ought to keep it. They're wonderfully gritty and barbed, showing this too-often punk rocker to barely wear his heart on his sleeve. **in stores now**



Morphine *The Best of Morphine 1992-1995* (Rhynodisc). Four years ago, the innovative and guileless trio began by drinking out of their can status when someone else's heart attack claimed frontman Mark Sandman. For both deaths and rebirths, this new collection of Morphine favorites and rarities will beautifully underscore what was and what could have been. **February 18**



The Music, *The Music* (Capitol). On its 15th anniversary, the classic rock band offers a new collection of its music. The Music offers a new collection of its music. The Music offers a new collection of its music. **February 25**



John Hammond, *Ready for Love* (Black Pearl). Rock music's master ambassador returns with a collection of 15-way covers of Tom Waits, George Jones, Willie Nelson, and the J. Geils, among others. After forty years, Hammond only seems to get better. **February 18**

Digital Music Goes Legit

(by chris kaye)

(MUSIC)

Keith Treason, and drummer David King, are having fun. When was the last time anyone said that about a jazz record?

Just as traditionals will point to the Red Plan of Governor's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" as a misrepresentation of what is now—just before bedtime. And maybe it is. But that the Red Plan might be suggesting that Coburn is in a valid, a nuanced influence on Coburn is an infuriating. Hearing a familiar song turned on its head and something only vaguely recognizable better captures just as it is: what's going through his mind. Because if you turn it back to the Red Plan, the Red Plan can be the tables on dance music and disco. The original DJ-driven ambience of Aphex Twin's "Flim" is overlaid into a hypnotizing classical piece, and the core groove of Björk's "Heave of Glass" is reconfigured into a loose series of fresh notes that sound like Frank Zappa jumping into Quincy Jones's Studio 54.

The *Red Pill* originals are no less lively and engaging than the less well-known ones. Most are exactly what they call themselves: the lowest-grossing trio over the album-opening "Back to Back," if only for the soundtrack track on SportsCenter highlights. And while the new version cranks up "Don't Worry" will have plenty of raucously searching for the volume knob, the Red Pill is a debut by definition: "Everybody Has Turns" and "Balance in the Question" follow the great heavy-metal tradition of the power ballad, starting astringent and finishing big. The latter is a lot like my first love ballad, from the moment to end as eight minutes while you hold on for dear life. It was perfectly suited to Sunday-morning coffee and it is now rampant corporate the next before.

And it's also the beauty of *Theater*: At the end, they saw the booming drums and Cobain's name and what you're left with is a spectacular collection of songs that doesn't require a user's manual to appreciate you. Isn't that what music is about anyway? Isn't that what makes us millionaires/madmen/normies/goddie up the O'Jays? Where do I put my sound-track? Composer John Philip Sousa once predicted, "There will endure just as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains." That *Theater*, the Vinton so effortlessly moves back is made a conscious choice.

THIS USED TO BE SO HARD: You'd just have to register and download the entire history of recorded music, sidestepping little details like cost and ethics. Good times indeed. But ever since the major labels shied away from *Shazam* (a beautiful ad began hinting people to peer Robin Thicke's *Thumping* guy as well as the services themselves), grand theft audio has become a bit easier. If thinking globally and acting locally, the music industry has finally begun to roll out its own (totally legal) online services. Some allow users to have fun by being so very machine—often made possible for an ad or to be converted to a CD—while others are more like a jukebox, where you can be connected to the nearest jukebox in your city (or to a jukebox if you're in the city). We compared the strengths and narrow options with the controversial Kazaa file, a kiosk-analogous service that remains at large.

[illegible]

I have a strong belief in...
I have learned many lessons...
I have been privileged to...
I have ridden a wonderful wave...
I have always been a fan of...

ARE YOU PRIVILEGED?



Hennessy
Privilege
VSOP
COGNAC

CORNELIANI

Corneliani

BERGDORF GOODMAN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

The Laws of Fashion

BY TED ALLEN
Illustrations by
Tim Bower



I Know Yourself. Then Get Dressed.

Sounds simple, it isn't. It is the rare man who really understands what looks best on a person of his station—and what does not. As for the man who keeps pace with the champagne his documen-... Like his circumference, for example. Most men, as they check out, will suffer the mania of constantly comparing themselves to other people's. To the officer who is a little in size. Then there are those too silly to understand that they're too young to smoke a pipe (P.N., no charge). Every man who is too young to smoke a pipe (All one can do to master rule number one is this: Look in the mirror. Think. Repeat as necessary. >>>)



2. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS NOT QUALITY THE MOST IMPORTANT

THAT'S THE FIRST THING TO GET. It's also the most elusive thing in this difficult era of elderly hiders whose sons refuse to take up the mantle. But you can wear the crown of silence, to be low and still look like a fool if it's not cut right. How to find a good tailor. Ask a few well-known salesmen at a few great clothing stores. If any body's name gets mentioned by more than one salesman, run to this man. Run.

3. A CHEAP SUIT FITS NOBODY

The second most important thing—and it's a close second—regarding the best suit you can afford, even if you can't quite afford it, because no matter what all you've started in your closet, you'll always reach for the same two or three sharpest, best-quality jackets you never overestimated yourself to buy.



4. Every man alive is too young to smoke a pipe.

5. A MAN LOOKS BETTER IN A SUIT THAN IN ANYTHING ELSE IN HIS WARDROBE. If you don't believe us, ask the nearest female.

6. EVEN NED KEEFY LOOKS GOOD IN A BLACK TURTLENECK SHIRT. IF EVERYMAN DOES, BUY ONE AND WEAR IT.

7. ACT YOUR AGE. NOT YOUR COLLAR SIZE. Wear no slouchy shirts, revealing back or half waistbands, clothing altered with scissors, jeans.

8. JACKET SLEEVES ARE TAILORED SO THAT HALF AN INCH OF SHIRT CUFF SHOWS WHEN YOUR ARMS ARE AT YOUR SIDES. It does not make your sleeves look shorter. It makes your arms look longer. Work it out.

9. PANTS ARE CURVED SO THAT NO SOCK SHOWS WHILE YOU WALK. This might be a good time to remind yourself that it wasn't Woody Allen's fashion sense that helped him score with the younger chicks.

10. THERE IS NO ALTERING OF SHOULDERS. If the jacket doesn't fit there, it never will.



11. Your complete

Round face? More collar. Not the right? Neck like that, the

12. BLACK SHOES. BLACK BELT. SHOWN SHOES. KIDNEY BELT. No shoes, no belt. (And no pl.)

13. ON JEWELRY: ONE RING. ONE WATCH. YOURS DONE. Funny you should ask. There is no such thing as body piercing.





ollar should
nt your face

meet? Spread coffee! Chris Carter
wheat-sprinkled coffee money can buy

14. ONE PAIR OF TOP-QUALITY SHOES IS BETTER THAN TEN CHEAP PAIRS. Good leather shoes lasted throughout the week, chafed just for five years or more. To break them in blister-free, wear them for brief, gradually increasing periods removing them as soon as they begin to bother you.

T5. DENSE IS FOR WEEKENDS
Unless it's dark, crisp and free of holes. Or your office is an F-150.

**10. THAT SAID, WITH
GOLD-NHITE SHIRT,
BLAZER, AND SHIRT
OF JEANS, YOU CAN
GO JUST ABOUT
ANYWHERE.**
On second thought
you might want to
steer clear of the
Slayer concert as
long as you're in
that getup. Or the
The Offspring
show, also.

17 GRAY FLAN HELMETS ARE THE NAVY BLAZER OF GOLD-WASHED (R) TROU. They go just as well with a T-shirt as with a white oxford and tie, so you might want to think about washing up.

18. Just as important as the clothes: a fresh haircut.

great haircut result, however, suffers of hair and from a consistent working relationship with a barber or stylist who knows your taste and needs. Such people are unlikely to be employed by a business whose name is to put it bluntly, *cut it and dye it*, and they are unlikely to provide the services for free back. *Deception*: A few great barbers did exist and a few, we thought, could surprise us and not rather let the back of your neck, all of which comes for a relatively low price. These men are national treasures.

20—A CRISP WHITE DRESS SHIRT IS THE GREAT FLAMING FUNDUS OF SHIRTS. That is to say, it's the most flattering and goes with anything. But wear one every day and you're going to be known as reliable as the safe, harmless guy in muft bands.

21. YOUR EXTERIOR SIDE
JACKET POCKETS REIMAN
SEWN SHUT Because if you put things in there, you'll backslump. And your pocket openings will stretch and the inside of your jacket will be ruined. Carry a change of credit cards in your inside breast pocket, and a maratic Zip in your pants pocket, and put every thing else in your briefcase.

22. UNLESS YOU'RE BEING FINANCIALLY COMPENSATED FOR IT, TIGER, WEAR NO VISIBLE LOGOS. Therefore, no hardware, no colligators, no Rufus, no Mighty Ducks.

23 BUSINESS CASH IS NO LONGER ABOUT FORMS: Let's be about a couple of sport coats, a few pairs of well-tailored trousers, and some fine glass sweaters. Kind of like what we wore in 1995.

25. SUE'S NEWS IMAGE TO BE REVEALED: The fact that author does an in-package deal—that is, pants and jacket—in novel means you should negotiate sheet prices and use them in other ways. To the contrary, you must. Mixing and matching best prints in a package is with other print coats and trousers as the smartest way to stretch a wardrobe. Meanwhile, a jacket need not have gold buttons or be worn with complementary skirt. In fact, we're of the mind that a jacket should improve gold buttons, period—but that's just a

24. Nothing shows a man's refinement like brilliantly shined shoes.

31. WE'RE RECKLESS! STOP THE VIOLENCE! You cannot weigh them. You cannot time them. You cannot time their dry-cleaned by just anybody because they will destroy them. And most important—there is no one you can box your ears— you cannot yank the oil off your neck without getting the knot first, because that scratch thimble you're wearing. Neckties are delicate creatures, often made of silk, that goes for \$100 a yard. This is how you treat them!" *Enter Flamers, 250 West Twenty-Ninth Street, New York 10 629 5800. Which will sell you lengthen waders or make a pair for \$10.50 or, for \$10, waders and a chest of 1, too.*

33. Under no circumstances crumple that bespoke and stuff it into

- Time-claiming requires a lot of care, beginning with regular dust-offs with a natural-fibre brush
- Clean suits in infrequently as you possibly can. Because the cleaning process is very tough on fabrics, if they're wrinkled but not stained or malodorous, just have them pressed
- Use girthhangers, preferably the kind with padded ends for the shoulders, so belts, shirts and coats retain their shape. Never hang sweaters, which will stretch

27 A LACK DOES IMPLY DOING
WITH EVERYTHING. But
wear too much of it and
people will assume
you're French.

28. THERE IS NO SHAME IN A BASEBALL CAP Although when you're not playing baseball or power-washing the siding, these probably should be

29. AN EYE FOR NECKLINES—YOU EITHER HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T. IT'S A BEYOND-ARCADE, and a remarkably difficult one for some people, plucking beautiful patterns from the vast visual clutter that is the real world. It requires focus, taste, imagination and a kind of color blindness—the latter being a description that affects one in ten men to one degree or another. If you're unsure if your neckwear adds more, take one card swiping person whose face you admire (and only one: test decisions by bowing down cameras) and relief: Hirsch shopping with you. Return the favor with a light luncheon of quiche and salad. No yeast but by sundown, a good toast to him.

36. NO-NOVELTY NOOKIES
No novelty anything—novelty
having the tendency to wear off

**26. The coup
grace; a pocket
square**



fold it with points or a straight
across, to pinch it in the
center and stuff the point into
your denim pocket for a slightly
kinkier look. White is al-
ways appropriate, but you
can also wear a square that
highlights one color in your tie
or shirt. Match the material ex-
actly to your tie and you'll be
taken outside, a button will
be placed over your head, a tie
you'll be beaten with sticks.

32. The right suit amplifies your physical strengths and diminishes your shortcomings.

A large man should wear solids, especially dark ones, and avoid leopard patterns. A short man elongates his silhouette with a suit, a long, low, lightly striped suit enhancing the sport coat and pants look because it draws an eye half way! Slim verticality he has. And yet of the improbability (growth vertebrae, jockey for those with a very slender frame) that side-went ad modes, which will displace your predilection (plus like a moral law)

19. The cheap suit is fused
the strong suit is stitched

Any good suit—rest just the custom jobs—is hand stitched to its canvas lining at the edges, allowing the inner and outer fabrics to move independently of each other as you move. Cheap suits are glued or fused, and lack that fluid flexibility and comfort. (Also, prove this to be known to come up with.) You can test for rest stitching by pinching the jacket fabric without tearing and pinching the canvas through the lining with the other. If you can pull the two fabrics apart at the border, they are stitched, not fused.

stances are you to
the jacket into a ball
your briefcase.



• Items hung
from their
cuffs with
spring-
loaded clips
do not get a
crease across
the lower
• I don't hang
clothes in the

plastic bags from the cleaners,
because they need to
breathe. Better to get dust
coats on the shoulders if
you're not going to wear
something for a while.
• A few fresh pieces of
cider or a cedar-lined closet
repels moths. For that
matter: Moths, you can deal
by line your own closet using
a cedar lining kit for a
couple hundred bucks.

**34. IF YOU'RE SPENDING
TEN MINUTES STYLING
YOUR HAIR, YOU PROBABLY
HAVE TOO MUCH OF IT.**
Time or hair, that is.

**35. NEVER MIND THE
CASINO'S OVERLOOK.** An
overcoat is a gentleman's duty.
It's a game get thrown in
the trunk or on the rack,
about you on the rack. It
needs to be tough. Save
the cashmere for closer
to your body.

**36. LINEN IS FOR SUM-
MER.** Cotton, too.

**37. STANDING UP
STRAIGHT MAKES
YOUR CLOTHES LOOK
30 PERCENT MORE
EXPENSIVE.**
Don't be a
slouch.

**38. LET THE SHIRT MATCH
THE SUIT** and we're not just
talking color—we mean the
actual level of formality or
lack thereof. Generosity,
rougher textures and bold
patterns are less dressy,
whereas fine gauge, elegant,
slight sheen, and conservative
collars are more so. Never
wear button-down collars
with double-breasted suits.
(In fact, you might avoid
button-downs except with
a sport coat, which with the
shirt's casual air.)



39. The easiest way to expand your business wardrobe: three new ties.

Three ties x five suits x five shirts = seventy-five possible combinations.

**40. WE'VE SAID IT BEFORE,
WE'LL SAY IT AGAIN, AND
STILL THERE WILL ALWAYS
BE MEN WHO FAIL TO
HYDRO—BUT WE'LL REST?
WE SHALL NOT WE'VE
RELENT! NEVER, AGAIN!
THERE IS NEVER AN ADE-
QUATE REASON TO WEAR
SNEAKERS WITH A SUIT.**
Okay, if you're fleeing a burning
building and it's all you
can manage. Fine. Other-
wise, if said weather is the
issue, here's all you have
to do: wear another shoe.
Weather is one of those black
boards for your community,
carrying your dress shoes in
a bag or portfolio.

**41. LET THE SHOES MATCH
THE PANTS, NOT THE
SHOES.** Come on, you
remember that, right?

**42. WHEN COMBINING
PATTERNED ITEMS, BE A
BIG PATTERNER WITH A SMALL
ONE.** One of your highest-
order sartorial skills. This
one: Like patterns worn to-
gether should be of very dis-
parate scales; meaning one
should be big, the other
small; two different pat-
terns worn together should
be of the same scale (sorry
to say it, but there are ex-
ceptions), and colors should
always blend and comple-
ment each other.

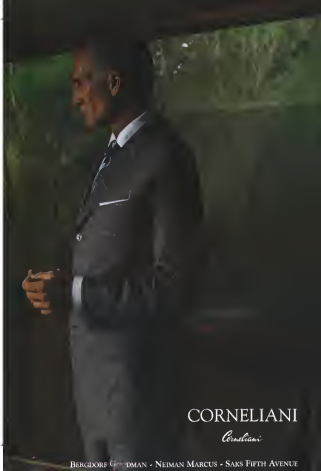
43. THIS SHOULD COMPLE-
You want to "trim" your toes
from the first time you put
them on. How? Stick your
index finger up into the slot
from the front as you tighten
and it should form the
covered clift.

**44. BLACK SHOES
LOOK GOOD WITH A GRAY
SUIT, BUT BROWN SHOES
LOOK BETTER. NO
MATTER WHAT YOUR
MOTHER TOLD YOU**
if you don't trust us, ask any
Republican or Englishman.

**45. IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL
CONFIDENT, WEAR IT.** If
you're doubtful about wear-
ing something, it's going to
show in your every weak,
tentative move.

46. COMFORT IS AN AFFEC-
TIONS LIKE COMFORT WAITS
ARE ALMOST NEVER A
GOOD IDEA. (Exception:
next item.)

**47. LAWS WERE MADE TO
BE BROKEN.** When you're
ready. You'll know when it



CORNELIANI

Corneliani

THE ANNOTATED MAN: Andy Spade

(Founder and CEO, Jack Spade, men's luggage and accessories maker, 40)



"Our first employee was a 70-year-old former farmer. He was great until he slept too much in the store and people started to complain. But I like that our store is comfortable. I relax places like that. When I go into tack trade, I feel connected to old things—like I'm somehow back to where I came."

"This business is good to every part of my body but my lungs. To my lungs, it's disastrous. The smoking has got to stop."

"A scar's got to tell a story. And it's got to be a good one. My worst scar is from a rectory car accident in Arizona. But I don't like that scar because I don't like that story. Broken wheels from skateboarding?" Chris fans out boards. "Those are scars I'm proud of!"

"The clothes have got to be nostalgic. I wear a lot of sport coats with tennis shoes. I love that. I have them all made for me. Mostly by American designers. I love Levi's, Army surplus, trilites. Classic. For me, it's like history. It's America."

"We made this movie Paperboys in lieu of saying 'ad papers best put in a documentary on the value of jobs.' I was a paperboy. Warren Buffett was a paperboy. John McCain was a paperboy. It's a job that teaches responsibility and discipline and thus makes you interact with your community in a unique way. Adults have taken over paper routes, they've even started unionizing. It's devastating. Our firm looks at the things that our culture is losing by losing the paperboy."

Take my clucking with character. Things that have been lived in—imperfect and with stories. I don't mind if it's too small; I don't mind if it's too big. One thing I hate, though, is the perfect length. I have no patience for a flawless, break-in-free pair.

You grab hold of it.
And vice versa.

Introducing the all-new 220-hp MAZDA6

You wrap your hand around the short-throw 5-speed leather-wrapped shifter finding first, you feel the power 220-hp motor lurch you cleanly from the line. As you cruise, shifting through the gears, the sport-tuned double wishbone frame suspension lets its talents be known as its one twist stretch of road leads to another. The same thought keeps running through your mind as it is that you'll let go or the other way around? The all-new MAZDA3 sports sedan. Drive it. You'll know.

2. 44 to 46 mm (1.73 to 1.83 in.)



(the screen)

(by tom carson) >>>



Is Gaspar Noé the best director you've never heard of? His brilliant and offensive *Irreversible* will change that.

GASPAR NOÉ IS SO UNKNOWN over here that I would bet there you if your first guess was that somebody had finally invented an explicit feature for subscribers. But my hunch is that that could change soon, as here's a homegrown comparison to help you out. Think Quentin Tarantino with a purpose in life. Unlike Tarantino, whose aim is to blow people up in every way an off-screener can, he's more heavenly conceptualizing so far being too hip to feel, like Argentine-born Peruchetti's

shock tactics really do leave audiences just appalled. Noé's first feature, *Irreversible* (starring Alice, a beautiful, non-verbal, unemployed butcher [not the singer]) for comically funny and then horrific laughs late in Berlin France—"A bit of cheese and Nazi levers," said he, but not it. The director's new irreversible makes men the actual sexual control, via a grating story of rape plus payback whose centerpiece scene—blatant soft-core getting sodomized and beaten up for ten nightmarish minutes—triggers willouts and abuse in Cannes (screaming). It was an so much film in the shock-hallucinational film festival, but you know the French—maybe they were so naive it wasn't a musical!

Irreversible has a New York run so brief that the movie could have been screening on the life of a bus, and an American release of *Irreversible* rarely looked as unlikely as *Deadly*! Remolded getting-around life. Complicated by the American Prospect. But *Irreversible* is now slated to open here this month, so get ready for a certain outrage. Not many may see the best director you've never heard of, especially since our current cultural tendency makes the list of constant on-screen (Wong Kar-Wai, *Beethoven*... anybody?) but he's the most dynamic filmmaker France has produced in years—a conceptualist he's been whose approach makes audiences and formal review websites so confused, restless sense of urgency.

Available in a groundbreaking DVD from Strand Releasing, *Irreversible* when called a French Tour Director that we reason I prefer it to its celebrated model is that Noé goes as a raped man being pushed to the brink—mutilated, mutilated, and then... Noé, who's like a slightly more articulate (no great challenge there) *Ally Boy With*

(q&a)

kurt russell



IN THIS MONTH, Hollywood tough guy Kurt Russell stars in the film *Dark Blue* as one of the greatest dirty cops we've seen. The film is based on a story by James Ellroy and set in L.A. during the Rodney King trial of 1992 and the riots that followed. —SEAN MEALOR

EQ: In *Dark Blue*, you play Tiddo Perry, a washed-up, nogash, borderline-racist cop. Was it turned on you in that role?

KR: For about eight years that been doing these sort of large movies. I wanted to do something harder, where I had a good character to study. And I thought the riots were a great backdrop.

EQ: You once played second base for the California Angels' double-A club. Describe your last days as a player.

KR: I was having a hell of a year. My first over 500. I was gonna be moved up to triple A and soon the big league. One day I was having a double play and twisted my arm. What I didn't know was that I just tore my outer cuff. After some tests, the doctor came back and said, "You're not an actor!" and I said, "Yeah!" And he said, "Well, you're an actor all the time now. Your arm is shot. You're finished." I sat there and cried for three days.

EQ: Didn't you use to play King Kong with Jeff Bridges?

KR: I often played in comedy where we'd shoot it and write on it as we go. He was a great man. He probably taught me more about moviemaking than anybody else.

EQ: Is it true that the last words he ever wrote were your name?

KR: Yeah, that was great. About six months after he died, his secretary showed me the last thing he had written in his diary. It was about an upcoming project, and he had written what our execs and I had, "Kurt Russell."

You can almost hear it scratching at the garage door.



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Pravins can't catch a break even when he's trying something as minor as Henry Selick's *Midnight in Paris*, not backed up by the narrow studio and mixed success in *Disappearance on a Sudden*. Call it a wrong guy or a joke, but he's been developing a habit of taking second place to more recent caricatures. Ian McKellen's dagger struggle in *Gods and Monsters* got all the attention, but Pravins's serene performance as the good-hearted husband of McKellen's double-gatekeeper was more memorable. Now it's happened twice again, with his excellent work as *The Quiet American* overshadowed by Michael Caine's phantasmic report.

Delayed by *Millions*'s jitters that George W. Bush's America might not appreciate an anti-establishment art like *Millions*, *Debut*'s scripter, Philip Meyer's film version of Graham Greene's novel isn't as limited New York and L.A. engagement item but still only because Caine successfully tabbed Harry Winston to keep Sir Michael's Oscar hopes alive. The rest of us have had to wait until now to see what the film was about—or rather the total lack of it, since Meyer's comic book was to be a fair test of our summer film critics. When an adaptation is the unusual about the presumed greatness of the source material, you can't help noticing that Greene's love triangle of a world-weary Brit (Caine) and a newly engaged American (Michelle) (Pravins) was for a long time called *How Green Was My Valley*. Yes, who's to regret it as a summer film about a woman's life story—one that doesn't dramatize the body themes it dangles down. Even though the Vertigo-esque door in the novel's *The End of the Road*, the always dark subject was changing. You see, we've been used to that new-fangled, narcissistic projection, the cynical but sophisticated old-man-head-reporting, humanist call to arms to solve. You know, our capacity for self-delusion.

Aside from the setting of the two male leads, the movie's all about a man's life and a woman's life of a man's life—the "You'll just have to trust us on this as a preview" issue that's not. Aside from the rules have to be paid to make to note the *White Caine's* performance is as expert as they say, for Michael shows us something new only in the scene when the American legend is presented in the American legend to contrast his rival, the British one.

blog, and you're caught between a guy that the actor is finally looking up and admiration for how slowly he's using it. Frank, for the other hand, is apparently by accident from his introduction on, he plays the character as if he's never read the book and has no idea he's a villain, which is why he's always doing better by Greene's concept than the concept itself deserves.

DVD Watch: The Greatest Movie You Can't Get

BACK IN 1963, Lawrence of Arabia led the list for the best idea of a director-protagonist in a movie, usually based in the footsteps of somebody famous, although in Lawrence's case—and many others—the viewer's ability to decipher the nature of the hero's historical importance came to a distant second in the fact that his deeds were photographic. But the following year brought a very different, no less in historical epic. Luciano Visconti's great play *The Leopard*, with a magnificently grave Burt Lancaster as a Sicilian aristocrat facing changing times. If you're one of those who overpaid to buy the *Godfather* based set-back in his

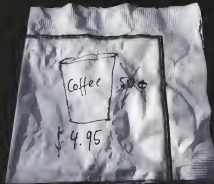
which we can see that up *Part IV* as an ecological disaster, now *The Leopard* is the movie where DVD release you should be registering for. It's the answer for not only *Frank's* but *Capote's* and *the* only available also *Bertie's* movie—now not to mention one of the best times in important literary work (*Disappearing in London* isn't only novel was a movie prize) has become a movie more so as well.

In one online poll, *The Leopard* made the top 10 list of movies that people most wanted on DVD—remarkably, since it was a box office dud here in 1963. Remakes can buy really restored, low-disc versions, but one that's how'd you guess?—incorporate this with VHS players. In the films, even though a side version and they to come by the only time I've seen the film myself was in an uncompleted the series (one that looked as if it was salvaged from a submarine, though it was wonderful anyway). So here's my question: If I can't get *The Leopard* on DVD, will someone please tell me what global distribution is good for? No, not you, Mr. Bumblebee. Bumblebee.

Pickup Line By Buddy Hickerson



"I'm single, I'm alone, and I make my own choices."



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(the 5-minute guide)

(by sam grobart) >>>



Wireless Living it's time to cut the cord

THAT TANGLE OF WIRES under your desk is about to be a distant memory. So is the old notion that you have to be tethered to a phone line or cable modem to surf the Internet. Now wireless technologies like Wi-Fi can play on the clouds behind your computer and leave you roaming the house—and the world—while you roam the Web. Of course, new technologies just aren't the same without a helping serving of confusion and jargon, so we've prepared this primer to clear up some of the baffling lingo and help you get oriented.

A HOUSEFUL OF DATA

Any network, whether it has wires or not, has certain properties. Think about the network in your office. Most often, people share printers, share a connection to the Internet literally in the form of a T-1 line or more, or a high-capacity local area network. Multiple simultaneous connections without slowing down too much, and

share files through a single server. A basic network can operate the same way. But until now, dissolving the family feud over Internet time meant ripping up the house in order to lay a mile of cable or if you were installing an entire phone system from scratch. Wireless networks, using a technology called Wi-Fi, for Wireless Fidelity, can provide the same functions as a wired network

Wi-Fi Ware

Two ways to set up a Wi-Fi network at your home. First, it means if all you can cut, the former is best accomplished by buying about \$100 an Airport's Mini wireless router which, when used with up to cards installed in your laptops, acts as your Internet or home access. The router not only allows for speedy wireless connections but also features several standard wired Ethernet ports. For more versatility, TechLink's Magma 802.11n wireless media center does all that and adds up to 80 gigabytes of hard-drive storage to the mix. (Depending on hard-drive capacity, prices range from \$200 to \$1,000.) This way, you can access shared files like music or video off the hard without clogging up your overhard drive. Even cooler, the 802.11n allows you secure private access to your own personal videos and music files from Internet-equipped computers around the world.

At \$499, TechLink's Packard is a true Wi-Fi 802.11n media center machine some desktop PCs, but if you want the same kind of PC, this is it. Built in Macintosh (see page 110) means it can sync with your PC just by being near it, and it's all Wi-Fi. It's on the Internet, and DVD burned technology can make it a universal remote for every TV, DVD player, and stereo component in your house. The media even has a security feature that a straight-out-of-the-box a finger-print scanner mounted on the case that prohibits anyone but you from turning it on and checking your state secrets.

—S. G.



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Wi-Fi vs. Bluetooth

(the 5-minute guide)

by using electromagnetic waves that course through the rooms and hallways of your house and stretch out into the reaches of your patio and yard.

Network appliances range from what is commonly called a base station or a wireless router, a box-sized device that plugs into your cable or DSL modem (a central data-processing unit that serves as a channel by more than one computer and connects your home to a huge bubble of data). Any computer, laptop or fixed, laptop or desktop, PC or Mac, can receive the signal when equipped with a small Wi-Fi card, enabling it to log on to the Web, send e-mail, exchange files, and send orders to the printer from anywhere in your home. If you have more than one computer in the house, they can all use the same Internet connection (and so long as nobody's doing any heavy-duty downloading, it won't affect your connection speed) and exchange files with one another. Networked computers appear on one another's desktops as icons, and downloading on how you set up the privileges, you can send files, receive files, or both among all the computers on the network. MP3 files can be downloaded to a portable device anywhere in the house, or they can be shared between network computers instead of having to put files on disk or e-mail them.

Wi-Fi is perfect for homes where roommates or family members battle for an online connection. And with routers having storage of nearly five hundred files, you can send e-mails while sitting your morning coffee out on the deck.

Wi-Fi has applications outside the home environment as well. You may have already read about places like Starbucks and airport terminals offering wireless Internet access through their own Wi-Fi networks. AT&T, DSL, and local area networks are building a wireless infrastructure that would be wireless everywhere, making it possible for any person in the rapidly metropolitan areas of the U.S. While the pricing plan for such a system has yet to be determined (in some places like New York's Bryant Park, access is free of charge), anyone with a Wi-Fi card will soon be able to access the Internet in a hotel bar, a shopping mall, or while walking the bus through town. ■

ANOTHER STANDARD IN PLAY RIGHT NOW is something called Bluetooth. You can already use Bluetooth for a headset network. It doesn't have the capacity of the speed, but it is a convenient way to eliminate some of the wires in your life. Wireless Wi-Fi is another format that connects multiple multiple high-speed wireless to present users. The speed capacity Bluetooth simply enables connecting peripheral devices to communicate with each other. Your PDA can sync with your PC without being put in the cradle. Your laptop can wirelessly send a print order to the printer. And a tiny remote can wirelessly send and receive calls through your mobile phone, all while your phone is sitting in your pocket. Soon enough, perhaps this year, Bluetooth-equipped speakers will hit the streets and you'll be able to play your MP3 collection from any room in the house directly from your Bluetooth-enabled laptop.

If all you want to do is hook up your desk and you don't feel like throwing your existing computer in the trash, Microsoft's **Wireless Optical Desktop for Bluetooth** should do you just fine. Its suite of Bluetooth products includes a keyboard, mouse, and a Bluetooth touch screen for about \$100. The keyboard and mouse use Bluetooth to upgrade wirelessly with your desktop's hard drive, which, in turn, communicates with other Bluetooth-equipped devices, like PDAs, printers, and cell phones.

Adding a Bluetooth printer to the mix keeps the desk as nice and tidy and also means that one printer can be shared by desktop and portable devices (such as a PDA or laptop) without all the wires. We recommend the Hewlett-Packard DesignJet 9950. At around \$100, it has the biggest ink jet out there. But when you could think it would cost nearly half that much to upgrade an old printer (and then you're still stuck with an old printer), it starts to look like a pretty good deal.

Bluetooth was pioneered by Swedish mobile company Ericsson, so it's no surprise that its cell phones are some of the first to incorporate it. Now linked up with Sony on the media front, the Sony Ericsson line is about to get a cell phone service provider can wirelessly sync up address and calendar info with your PDA, act as a wireless dial-up modem for your laptop, and access parts of the Internet on its own, thanks to its GPRS Global Packet Relay Service, which turns your phone into a small-sized modem. And the R900 3G handset (3G is) allows you to take calls without even leaving your phone and all without fumbling with wires. — J. D.



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(the industry)

Pellicano, right, at work: escorting Fanny Fawcett to a Santa Monica court house in 1978

(by kim masters) >>>



For twenty years, **Anthony Pellicano** was Hollywood's Fixer. Then, a few months ago, things turned strange.

WORTH, THE REASON I'm calling you is because you're a friend."

That's how Anthony Pellicano, private eye to the stars, explains why he's returning my call. Pellicano—whose clients have included Michael Jackson, Roseanne, Kevin Costner, Fanny Fawcett, and even Ed McMahon—is in trouble with the law. In December, he was arrested for allegedly keeping enough illegal explosives in his office on Sunset Boulevard to supply an M1 Quade cell. No it is a surprise to hear back from him. Not quite as surprising, perhaps, as the reason that he's going for making the call, since our entire relationship consists of one brief conversation: On the phone. In 1986.

But like a Hollywood fixer, whatever happens in court, Pellicano's leading-trough private investigator—should say, fifty-eight-year-old high school dropout—has already gotten the one kind of press he doesn't

want: Whether he can ever get his professional life back, even if he's exonerated, seems doubtful. "If I needed a detective, he would have been my go-to guy," says a prominent producer. "I wouldn't want to be associated with him now."

A few days after the call, Pellicano stands outside the courtroom in a black mesh tank top and gray jacket, awaiting his arraignment. He says he was thinking of retiring in three years anyway. Maybe sooner than. "This was not easy," he mutters with a slight shake of the head.

He pleads not guilty. And outside the courtroom, his attorney, Donald Rie, expresses outrage that a "responsible person" like Pellicano has been charged with a felony in this matter. He promises that a "legitimate" reason for the possession of the weapons will be forthcoming. But not today.

Pellicano is far from frictionless. Among these supporting roles in heavy-hitting stories: Bert Fields, whose clients include Tom Cruise, John Travolta, Warren Beatty, and Dustin Hoffman. That's a source of considerable comfort to Pellicano.



Ingenuity and versatility were two of the many legacies of America's greatest car designer.

All of which live on today at the car company where he hung his hat.

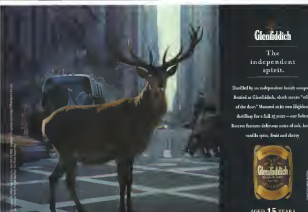


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AGED 15 YEARS



(sex)

(by stacey grenrock woods)

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basket with a flower. Whatever the reason, this baby no means permission to slack off. Don't worry. Women are still disappointed by many, many things. This just doesn't happen to be one of them.

Is it possible to give too much attention to the hearts?

As one is dealing with you, breasts are an exquisite inventory: superior in design, unparalleled in performance. And if you spend too much time fondling them, women are likely to think you were warned too soon. It's best to stagger your attention to the breasts, checking back with them periodically like an attentive waiter. Don't make them your main focus as if you feel like you just birthed a litter! While there are women who say they get off on breasts stimulation alone, they are the same women who get off on legs, a

You've got questions, she's got answers

Shouldn't we train his public life? Not, but it should never be forgotten that he, too, had a private life. Besides the fact that a man with two co-wives (and a possible pubescent son) is a truly weird thing to behold. It's not hard to give innocent bystanders a mental picture of your straddling waistcoat with a Howie, either to you, and unlike to her. How about to train them? Let common sense be your guide. If you can craft a tapeworm garden of circus animals out there, it's past time. A little off the top (and sides) and back'll weld the back. The masturbatory experiments, all course, ever present, and style is purely a matter of taste. Adventure guys might want to try the trendy "Guns'n'" while the more reserved are better off with the classic "Survival".

Are we really supposed to be monogamous? I mean, really, biologically? Monogamy isn't what it used to be. Science tells us that many species of animals have once thought mating for life was actually self-defensive. Yes, even the emperor penguin, that symbol of fidelity with no whoever's nearby if the mate shows signs for breeding—must fly with liquor on his breath.

flurries are no different. Researchers recently discovered that we are designed to be in love for only about eight to 10 very moist moments—the time it takes to meet, mate, produce a child and sell the movie rights. Scientists at Cornell have identified a heavy biological clock that our bodies produce during this period made up of dopamine, phenylethylamine, and oxytocin and sometimes called "the love chemicals" and sometimes "the lusty stuff." Eventually they say we develop a tolerance for these chemicals, which results in "long-term" affairs. It's out of habit, out of social repetition, or because they grow to like each other. Scientifically speaking, monogamy has shelf life shorter than a circus performer's so-called, cheap sweet God expects it.

are women do disappointedly men who can't bring them to orgasm on the first try? Does that kill the deal if the deal was that you provide her with some new ways of scoring, then yes, that's the truth it, women know that if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself. If we can't count on you to make a bed properly, we're certainly not going to trust you with our organs. Your efforts are of course, greatly appreciated, and for the record, it's usually better with you than without you, but there could be ten thousand reasons the OB-GYN make a system. Perhaps she's nervous because you're so incredible. Or maybe she's actually got a mental picture of you sexing the whole

(SEX TOY OF THE MONTH)

THE VIVA PEN. "No one would guess this writing instrument is a tool of pleasure. Dismiss the makers of the Viva Pen! And they're right: the elegant 'Mont Blanc style' writing instrument with a touch-activated cap is so discreet, so unimpeachably penlike, that it's impossible of faking me on. Does it vibrate? Like a jackhammer, is vibration pleasant? Undoubtedly. But it's still a pen, and I equate it more with scribbles than with stales moments of epiphany. Well, I used it after a while, and, yes, they could make a tool like that that's a tool, me, they might like samest me?" —*W. G. W.*

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Esquire

Benicio Del Toro

* English translation:
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...Esquire
translation:
Lock up the
womenfolk

By Will S. Hylton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLATON

Sometimes Benay hides things from himself. He doesn't know why just to do it, that's why. Just to keep himself sharp. Like he'll slip a cigarette on top of the door frame or on the back of a dresser drawer, and then later, when the power hits, he'll have to strain his head to remember where he put it. He'll stand there in his living room, furrowing his brow in that dazed way of his, pinning his lips and squinting his eyes. That's how he looks when he's trying to remember Benay is all faces and hands. When he's happy, he'll look at you sideways and half smile as if he's suspicious but likes what he sees. When he's bored, he'll blink a hundred times in a row and let his mouth droop open, loose and slack, dehydrating there while he waits for you to say something interesting. But the best face is when he looks at his watch and his eyes get utterly wild.

See, the watch is another thing Benay does weird. It's never set for the right time. Never even close. In fact, to get the right time from Benay's watch, you have to do complex arithmetic in your head. Like right now, he's in Memphis, sitting in a coffee shop. His watch says 3:04, but it's forty-five minutes fast, so it's really 3:19 except that's L.A. time, so here in Memphis it's 4:39. So? Benay squinted up his face while he does the math, then he rolls his head around on his neck and turns in his seat to stare out the window at Main Street. He's got a little blue cup of espresso in front of him, about as big to one of his eyeballs, and he balances between his thumb and forefinger like it's something precious and fragile while he pees across the long-block sidewalk at the nasal hack of people. Memphis by day is empty and odd. Reminds him of Havana.

Havana. Benay travels too much. Did he mention that yet? It's one of those things you might know about him. It's one of the things you do when you're rich and famous and overloaded with currency. And when you travel too much, the sights begin to blur and the places begin to meld together until eventually only the most extreme become larger, sticking to your memory like taffy. And, well, Havana sticks. Benay's only been there twice, but he thinks of it maybe twice daily. It's thinking of it now, looking out the window, trying to figure out what it is about Memphis that reminds him of the wildest city. "Something about the atmosphere," he says. "There's more than you can see on the surface."

And then he stops. That's it. That's Benay for you. Just the type of cryptic shit he'll throw out there and leave dangling while you sit across the table waiting for the rest of it, the next part of the idea, the natural extension of it, or at least the context in which he thought of it, but no. No, he's done with that now, and he's moved on to something else. And where was he again? He's pulling at his dingy face, sagging as his jaw clicks right. Johnny Cash. Johnny Cash reminds him of Havana, too.

That is the natural trajectory of Benay's mind. It is the flight path of a butterfly. He will leap from the weather in Saigon to an analysis of his role in his next movie, *The River*, to a discussion of the new Thompson's poem in Puerto Rico, but inside the controlled cage of his mind, there will be some delicate synthesis between the ideas. There will be, at least to him, an obvious parallel between the three elements, some commonality he can sense but not quite place. They are somehow parts of a whole. And does he know what he means by that? He's

Benay Benay
single-breasted
wool suit, cotton
shirt, and silk tie
by Giorgio Armani

asking you now. Do you know? Have you ever noticed that? How you can hear the new Johnny Cash album? *Heavy* is into questions. His questions are, at times, the only way to decipher the dimensions of his vagrant mind. He's fiddling with the ring on his middle finger, the silver one that's shaped like a skull, twisting it in directions that lead, like they'll hurt, glaring out the window, trying to unravel a metaphor to explain the substance of music while sitting in a deserted coffee shop on a desolate Main Street in the Deep South, until suddenly a light comes flashing across his face and he jumps up, saying, "Come on out to my Cadillac. We can blast some Cash and you'll see what I mean."

Outside, the big black Escalade is parked by the curb. Benny clunks into the passenger seat, muttering his bag full of ash on his bag right knee and punching a few buttons on the CD player with his big fingers until the music starts up. He slaps his knee to the rhythm, gruffly rocking from side to side, grinning and calling out the few lyrics he can recall to a muffled and eagerly accented bartender that's just slightly off pitch.

"Early one mornin', with time to kill, I borrowed John's rifle and set on the hill. I saw a lone rider crossing the plain. I drew a bead on him to put me on my mind...." And Benny is not just speaking the words, and Benny is not just singing them, he is hearing them and feeling them in, drifting and floating and thinking and being, while the sun outside fills and Memphis groans to life.

REALS STREET IN MEMPHIS smells like alligator and barbecue smoke. It smells like the bottom of a lake. Guitar licks come pouring out of a blue cloth, tearing down the street and raining in the air. There's nothing you need to know or do here; there's only how you ought to feel, and if you need to be told that, then you'd better get someplace else right now.

Benny, he doesn't need to be told. He knows. He's out of the car now, hepping his head and doing his trademark squander down the sidewalk, looking about as pomp as usual with his red Puma sweatpants tucked into his black moon boots, with his blue zippered sweatshirt under a brown leather leather jacket that's got a hanging fur collar, and his big mop of gray hair is unruffled under a tall, ugly green tractor hat that has seven-in-a-row L.A.

"Banana?" The call comes from behind, and he opens to face a tiny slip of a woman emerging from the corner of a strip club in a shimmering sky-blue nightgown, eyeing him carefully. "Banana," she says again. "Come on in for a lap dance?" "Hey, doll," he says loosely, considering her with his eyes. "Maybe later. I'm walking."

She nods, and Benny turns and resumes hopping his way down the street, working his neck like an old pump checking it all out. He doesn't mind a little attention as he goes, especially from chicks like that. Two years ago, it was his house. Back then, he was just another twenty-five-year-old kid from Puerto Rico trying to make it in L.A., taking what jobs he could, appearing in commercials, a Madonna video, a Ben-Wee Herman movie, and a forgettable TV commercial, just hoping to get noticed. So it's nice, in a way, to get some love. He only minds when it gets weird. "And did you get that?" he says. "It's contagious. Let's rap you in a minute."

He waves it. Being recognized is no threat. Once it starts, it spreads and momentum will be out walking around, clutching his own, with nobody standing up or taking a second notice of him, but then there's a ruckus, dark, nervous, somebody will look on his spot, and he'll see the glances, and there they're it. At first it's maybe just one dark being fleetingly coming over to shake his hand, but then somebody else will catch the conversation, or maybe just

catch a hint of the first guy's body language, the way he's standing like there talking to Benny, looking at him, and something about that pressure will make the second guy enter a closer look, and then he'll realize it's Benny and he'll figure, well, if people are going over and saying hi, he might as well go, too, so there the second guy comes over and pretty soon you got a third guy who sees the two of them and thinks it's a goldfish, so he'll pause over, shouting "Benny!" like they're old friends, and before you know it, there's a crowd bulging at Benny's boundaries and that's when it starts to go bad. That's when, without fail, somebody will step too far and Benny will get a twitch in his expression and find himself wanting to haul motherfuckers out of his way, trucking toward the door with his big gray hair streaming behind him.

Maybe though, he tries to keep it steady. Right now, it's still all good. He's stepped at the edge of an alleyway, looking out a hand that's waiting in and waves of "Little Wing" and there's not a friendly face in sight, which is great. Benny's just hanging his head up and down, wobbling his neck every which way, going, "Grrr! grrr, grrr."

At the end of the song he wipes his face. "Grrr, grrr," he says again. "That made me hungry." The small crowd is dispersing, and Benny brows, looking at his head to the side. "You hungry?"

THE ROCK TUNNEL leads to a courtyard, and the heat lumps beside the glass tables glow orange, and nobody here is ugly and nobody here is underdressed (except perhaps Benny, in those hot red sweatpants), and the waitresses are young and tall with pulled-back hair and voluptuous green shirts, staring at Benny as he comes onto the patio. The friends he has in planning tonight, and don't he know it, boy?

The friends in Benny is strong. How many times has he been compared to Lenny? A lot. Of course, every actor worth a damn gets compared to Lenny these days. Three days, everybody is either the next Lenny or the female Lenny or the Latin Lenny or the non-Lenny, and the more often that get said, the more it doesn't mean much. But there might be a grain of truth when it's about Benny. Not because of the settings, just because of the fact. Because of the muscle and the slouch, the easy, almost unregretted sensuality, and the stare he draws from men and women alike. Not even human beings can claim the Lenny allure, but Benny probably can. It's always been that way. No. He actually got more pussy before he was famous than he does now. "Not so many credits to deal with," he says—but that's another story. The point is that Lenny is one less motherfucker. Lenny in the same way that friends were loose. Loose? He even says the word with a verbal slouch, an easy confidence, like he's said it to himself a thousand times before—which, actually, he has. It's a credo of sorts. *Lenny like Lenny*.

Anyway, there's a waitress hovering over him while he sits at the table, fingering his box of Marlboro Lights and pulling a long cigarette holder from his pocket. The cigarette holder was a gift from Hunter Thompson after the filming of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. Thompson didn't like Benny at first. The first time they met, he pointed at Benny and shouted, "Fuck, not Look at this shit! He cut my hair down!" He's now looking better—"but that was before Thompson understood Benny. That was before Benny told Thompson that if he ever pulled my shit like that again, he'd kick him dead. Now Benny has Thompson's cigarette holder and Thompson is once again w. Benny puts the holder between his teeth, places it at the waitress, lights his smoke. "Intrigued," he murmurs. "Thanks, doll."

The waitress doesn't move. "Truth coffee?" she says, confused.



Tom Anderson (single), decorated brother (right), were filmed looking at all into each other, looking, from the camera.

Benny's eyes wonder slightly from the cigarette back to the waitress, and they play over her face a while. "That's right," he says. "Truth coffee." He waves his hand gently. "Coffee and whiskey?" "Giddy," she says, off not moving. "Is that pretty good?"

Benny leaves his gaze. He smiles. "The best," he says, lifting his chin. "The best, the best!" He smirks. "Thanks, doll."

When he leaves, Benny thinks the moment. Alligator suggests. But, he'll need some of those. And some chips with chili. Fuck, yeah. Yeah. And another Irish coffee. You can't really have too much coffee in Benny's world, it is water.

A few minutes later, he's sipping at a third drink, musing through some kind of spontaneous soliloquy about how it takes him forever to read various books but goddamn if Dostoevsky

isn't the man, and wait, maybe that shouldn't be in the story because he doesn't want to sound like another phony actor talking about Russian novels, but the truth is he loves that shit. It's such rich writing, and what he means by "rich writing" is—

"It's richly embroidered about that." A hand comes into a rapidly blurred view, he suppresses the subtle "Oh, I have to ask for money, but I'm hungry. I need help."

Benny doesn't hesitate. He just does on the sidewalk and grins his broad old brown leather smile from his pocket, fumbling around until he finds a wad of cash, which he hands over, saying, "What, okay, no. No problem. That's from both of us." The handless guy grins it and books away from the table and back out onto the street before Benny has a chance to realize it (continued on page 238)

Also Don't Cry as the bad
 Duke opposes military service,
 or The Salted Sea, with the
 same adherence to a promising

"There's a problem with how clothing is made to break my clothes in. The seams just pull me off. Besides, I don't like the idea of following the same skirt as the tea that used when people first went to the Sup club day."

Single-licensing policy, common among, and also in by, Ontario, California, Opposite: Two last last night-dressed women sit out, their hair wet, on their chairs, and another woman, by John B. Calhoun

Drinking in the Part

A full-length portrait of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is standing with his hands in his pockets, leaning slightly forward, against a plain, light-colored background.



Oscar Martinez

What's your latest movie? *Red*.
 Little bit of, with Claire
 Danes. Richard Gere
 or a more lighter stuff
 Julia Roberts is a girl
 easily attracted to me
 about 100 times.
 Favorite director
 Sam Mendes

Was ever one like to
 S. R. A. (with Samuel L.
 Jackson) and Michael
 Rodriguez

Slender? Yes. Average
 Color? Brown. Hair
 and eyes? Brown.
 Giorgio Armani cotton
 shirt, jeans by A's
 (with Richard Gere). Oppo-
 site. Favorite T-shirt and
 jeans? T-shirt by Calvin
 Klein, jeans by Diesel

If fashion says to wear blue and I like red, I wear red.
 I know very well what I like and what I don't like. I'm
 not someone who lets others choose things for me.



**Martin
Henderson**

You may have seen
Henderson too often with
machete-wielding, as *Penelope*
is his with Nicolas Cage.
Now with *Dead Man*, the
biker-glass look, Ringier
will see Gutter.

Shirt: Burton single
breasted cotton denim
suit, cotton shirt, and
waistcoat, all by Calvin
Klein (Black Label). Op-
sake: Three-button single
breasted wool and
mohair suit, cotton shirt
and waistcoat by Calvin
Klein (Black Label).

Shoes: Burberry
Black Label. Socks: H&M.
Accessories: Ringier
Black Label.

My father taught me how to tie a tie. He had a lot of power
from the forties, when the average man always had a nice
suit and wore a hat. Sometimes I wish we still dressed that way.

THE PENTAGON'S NEW MAP

IT EXPLAINS WHY WE'RE GOING TO WAR, AND WHY WE'LL KEEP GOING TO WAR
BY THOMAS P.M. BARNETT, U.S. NAVAL WAR COLLEGE [MAPS BY WILLIAM MCNUITY]

At the end of the cold war, the United States has been trying to craft an operating theory of the world—and a military strategy to accompany it. Now there's a leading contender. It involves identifying the problem parts of the world and aggressively shrinking them. Since September 11, 2001, the author, a professor of warfare analysis, has been advising the Office of the Secretary of Defense and giving this briefing continuously at the Pentagon and in the intelligence community. Now he gives it to you.

LET ME TELL YOU why military engagement with Saddam Hussein's regime in Baghdad is not only necessary and inevitable, but good.

When the United States finally goes to war again in the Persian Gulf, it will not constitute a setting of old scores, or just an enforced disarmament of illegal weapons, or a distinction in the war on terror. Our next war in the Gulf will mark a historical tipping point: that moment when Washington takes real ownership of strategic security in the age of globalization.

That is why the public debate about this war has been so important. It forces Americans to come to terms with what I believe is the new security paradigm that shapes this age, namely, *interconnectedness*. Defeat danger. Saddam Hussein's regime is dangerously disconnected from the globalizing world, from its rules, its norms, and all the tools that bind countries together in mutually assured dependence.

The problem with most discussions of globalization is that too many experts treat it as a binary outcome. Either it's great and rescuing the planet, or it's horrid and killing humanity everywhere. Neither view really works, because globalization is a historical process in simply too big and too complex for such summary judgments. Instead, this new world must be defined by where globalization has truly taken root and where it has not.

Now we know globalization is thick with network connectivity, financial transactions, liberal media flows, and collective security, and I will show you regions featuring stable governments, rising standards of living, and more deaths by suicide than murder. Those parts of the world I call the *Pennsylvania Gaps*, or *Gaps*. But show me where globalization is thinning or just plain absent, and I will show you regions plagued by politically repressive regimes, widespread poverty and disease, routine mass murder, and—most important—the chronic conflicts that incubate the next generation of global terrorists. These

parts of the world I call the *Non-Integrating Gap*, or *Gaps*. Globalization's "toxic hole" map has been out since the end of the cold war prior to September 11, 2001, but it has been hard to read ever since. And measuring the reach of globalization is not an academic exercise to an eighteen-year-old marine sinking test poles across far seas. So where do we schedule the U.S. military's next round of war games? The pattern that has emerged since the end of the cold war suggests a simple answer: in the Gap.

The reason I support going to war in Iraq is not simply that Saddam is a cybernetic Saddam willing to kill anyone to stay in power, nor because that regime has clearly supported terrorist networks over the years. The real reason I support a war like this is that the resulting long-term military commitment will finally force America to deal with the entire Gap as a strategic threat environment.

FOR MOST COUNTRIES, reexamining the emerging global rule set of democracy, transparency, and free trade is no mean feat, which is something most Americans find hard to understand. We tend to forget just how hard it has been to keep the United States together all these years, harmonizing our vast, competing internal rule sets along the way—through a Civil War, a Great Depression, and the long struggle for racial and sexual equality that continue to this day. As for as most issues are concerned, we are quite unaccustomed to our expectation that they should adopt themselves quickly to globalization's very American-looking rule set.

But you have to be careful with that Darwinian position, because it is a short jump from apologizing for globalism to a free-market-Americanism to laissez-faire—along racial or tribalism lines—that "those people will simply never be like us." Just ten years ago, most experts were willing to write off poor Russia, declaring it, in effect, genetically unfit for democracy and capitalism. Similar arguments resurfaced in most China-bashing during the 1990s, and you hear them today as the debates about the feasibility of imposing democracy on a post-Saddam Iraq—sort of Muslim-are-from-Moslem argument.

So how do we distinguish between who is really making it in globalization's Gap and who remains trapped in the Gap? And how permanent is this dividing line?

Understanding the line between the Gaps and Gaps is currently shifting, let me suggest that the direction of change is more critical than the degree. So, yes, being in still ruled by a "Communist party" whose ideological formula is 20 percent Maoist-Leninist and 30 percent邓小平, but China just voted on to the World Trade Organization, and over the long run, that is far more important in securing the country's permanent Core



GLOBALIZATION'S "TOXIC HOLE" MAP. The entire globe is divided into two parts: the "Pennsylvania Gaps" (core regions) and the "Non-Integrating Gap" (peripheral regions). The "Pennsylvania Gaps" are the regions that are most integrated into the global system, while the "Non-Integrating Gap" is the region that is least integrated. The "Pennsylvania Gaps" are the regions that are most integrated into the global system, while the "Non-Integrating Gap" is the region that is least integrated.

status. Why? Because it forces China to harmonize its internal rule set with that of globalization—banking, traffic, copyright protection, environmental standards. Of course, working to adjust your internal rule sets to globalization's evolving rule set offers no guarantee of success. As Argentina and Brazil have recently found out, following the rules (in Argentina's case, sort of following) does not mean you are postmodern, or hubbubmost, or even neoconproof. Trying to adapt to globalization does not mean bad things will never happen to you. Nor does it mean all your good things will necessarily morph into stable middle class. It just means your standard of living gets better over time.

In sum, it is always possible to fall off this bandwagon called globalization. And when you do, bloodshed will follow. If you are lucky, as well American troops.

SO WHAT PARTS OF THE WORLD can be considered functioning right now? North America, much of South America, the European Union, Pacific Russia, Japan and Asia's emerging countries (most notably China and India), Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa, which accounts for roughly four billion out of a global population of six billion.

When does that leave in the Gap? It would be fair to say "everyone else," but I want to offer you more proof than that and, by doing so, argue why I think the Gap is a long-term threat to more than just your pocketbook or conscience.

If we map out U.S. military responses since the end of the cold war (see the following pages), we find an overwhelming concentration of activity in the regions of the world that are excluded from globalization's growing Core—namely the Caribbean Basin, virtually all of Africa, the Balkans, the Caucasus,

Central Asia, the Middle East and Southwest Asia, and much of Southeast Asia. That is roughly the remaining two billion of the world's population. Most have demographics skewed very young, and most are labeled "low income" or "low middle income" by the World Bank (i.e., less than \$12,000 annual per capita).

If we draw a line around the majority of these military interventions, we have basically mapped the Non-Integrating Gap. Obviously, there are outliers excluded groups (like by the single angle there, such as an Israel included in the Gap, a North Korea which is in the Gap, or a Philippines straddling the line). But looking at the data, it is hard to deny the essential logic of the picture. If a country is often long-post to globalization or rejecting much of the content flows associated with its advance, there is a far greater chance that the U.S. will end up sending forces at some point. Conversely, if a country is largely functioning within globalization, we need not be here to send our forces there to restore order or eradicate threats.

Now, that may seem like a truism—to effect offering any place that has not attracted U.S. military intervention in the last decade or so is "functioning within globalization" (and vice versa)—but think about this longer piece. Ever since the end of World War II, this country has assumed that the real threat to its security resided in countries of roughly similar size, development, and wealth—in other words, other great powers like the Soviets. During the cold war that other great power was the Soviet Union. When the Red Communists crumbled in the early 1990s, we faced with concern about a united China, a powerhouse Japan, and—most recently—a rising China.

What was interesting about all those scenarios is the assumption that only an advanced state (continued on page 127)

My list of readable for the world in the 1940s, today
 is still growing, starting to run over the back yard

TO HAITI Efforts to build a nation in 1990s were disappointing. "We have been going in circles for about a century, and we will go back when our people start fleeing in during the next crisis—without doubt."

3) **COLUMBIA** Country is broken into several lawless chunks, with private armies, tribal interests, and legal government authorities to place over drugs stillflow. • Tie between drug cartels and military grew over decade, and now we know of links to international terror too. • We got involved and got out, and now we're getting out. • We're not involved and getting out, and now we're getting out. • We're not involved and getting out, and now we're getting out.

31 BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA Both on the bubble between the dangerous functioning Core. Both played the globalisation game to their hearts' content and both fell above now. The orange oilseed of the wedge and spare seat destructively ill-in or right as it may be. • No military threat to spread oil, except after their own democracies do return the favour (possibly). • South American oil influence. • MERCOSOL tries to come out of its own misery in Washington. • Another Free Trade Agreement. But we make FreeTrade for more money and more power. • The world is not a free market. • Brazil and Argentina have their nerves to be left out and their heart of it. • A new era of large unexplored energy for sale, plus oil that is not commercial damage caused to play. Will the world eventually take enough to stop it?

◀ **FORMER YUGOSLAVIA** For most of the past decade, served as shorthand for Europe's inability to get things together even in its own backyard. ▶ Will become a formidable power job for the next.

5) CONGO AND RWANDA/IBUNDI: Two to three million dead in central Africa from the fighting in the 1990s. How much women can't get before we try to do something, anything? There will be more death? Congo is a corrupt state—not just dead or alive and everyone is feeding off it. And there's the AIDS.

7) SOUTH AFRICA The only functioning core country in Africa, but it's on the bubble. Lots of concerns that South Africa is gateway country for telcos/networks trying to access core through back door.

E) ISRAEL-PALESTINE: Tension will not come—there is no real goal and/or in the West Bank that wants anything, but more violence. • Will

going against it will be the best way of showing its weakness. Eventually outside powers will end up providing security to keep the two sides apart; this chance is going to be very painful.

• There is always the fear of somebody (Pakistan or Afghanistan) trying to light up anti-ship weapons against destruction (AWD) and triggering the counter-purchase at sea level is capable of

9) SAUDI ARABIA The oil there is like mercury: if you hold it will eventually slip away, evaporating. From within. Paying for oil is like paying money today away from you, essentially lost, no danger with one exception: the oil. Huge young population with little prospect for future and antiquated state whose main source of income is a declining oil remittance. And yet the oil will matter to enough of the world for enigma: the future (the US, United States) will never let this place really tank, no matter what it takes.

100 IRAQ Question of when and how exits • Then there's the huge reshuffle. We will have to build a security regime for the whole region, not just Iraq. It's a task of enormous dimensions. It's a task that will require a lot of time and money.

- Chronic problem after some network infiltration: *Male went on with Marfan and Special Forces relief dislodged*—a poor man's last name for the troops, will be hard-pressed not to quit

ti) **IMAH** counterrevolution has already begun. This time the stu

MAPPING AMERICA'S WAR ON TERRORISM: AN AGGRESSIVE NEW STRATEGY

[illegible]

U.S. MILITARY RESPONSES SINCE 1900

- Combat
- Show of force
- Contingency positioning, reconnaissance
- Disquiet, security
- Perseverance

Future host species

The views expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect any official position of WHO or its member states.

Functioning

boundary of the
River Jhelum state

Function:
Code:

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2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 26

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Answer: 220 Results: Department of the Army, Air Force and Naval Air Reserve, Office of the Secretary of Defense

U.S. But resurgence of fundamentalists may be the price we pay to make Iraq • The mullah's support term: another poster War On Iraq Does Iraq make them inevitable? (not once Iraq and North Korea are certified)

100 AFGHANISTAN Lewises' violent take-over before the Taliban stopped it; and she had pulled it back toward seventh century (SHORT) Iraq. • Doves were sold at \$1 each for parrots on the dollar. • Big source of information (her name). • Now a S. attack there linking Russia, forcing out hard-core Islamic radicals who've been state

146) PAKISTAN There it always the real danger of their having the bomb and discharging it at us unless we can find a way to force them to call with December 31, 2004. New Delhi (bombing) • Do not fear that Pakistan may kill some Muslims, we end up backing here there many types do not break apart. • Clearly interfered with Al Qaeda. • On its way to being declared a regime as well as U.S. intelligence support. • Focuses on corporate again. Simply put, Pakistan doesn't seem to care about its own people.

181 NORTH KOREA Marching toward WMD • Recent recent behavior of Pyongyang (admitting kidnappings, breaking promises on talks, shipping weapons to places we disapprove of and getting caught, signing agreements with Japan that seem to squelch news

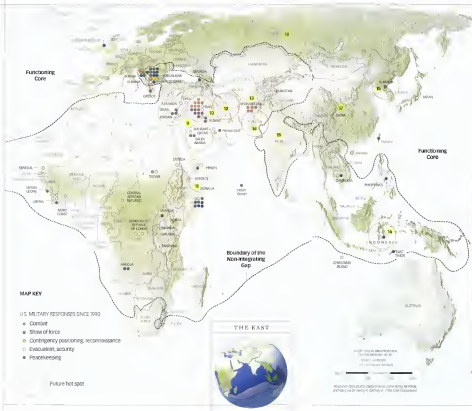
TAKE IT TO THE STREET • Local fears about breakdown of the world's largest Muslim population? • Casualty of Asian economic crisis really got wiped out? • Not so for terror network, as we have discovered

New/Integrating members of Care I worry may be lost in coming years

[illegible]

100 RUSSIA Putting back ways to go? Has discourse of the law become a rhetorical device to show so much power? • Chechnya and the near abolition of judicial law during mass violence, but will be kept within the borders of legal limits • U.S. moving from Central Asia to Syria: is a relationship that can cause it not needed just right • Russia has to manage internal problems, environmental damage, environmental damage, and dependence too much on energy exports to feel less pressure to engage with other international organizations and their policies • And there's a huge

W1 INDA4 First, there's always the danger of ruling it out with the label. • Short of that, Kashmir pulls the Hindu conflict with Pakistan involves U.S. involvement (reviewed before due to war on terror) • India's micromanagement of globalisation, the high-tech, the small, the poverty, the islands of development, the tensions between culture, religion and politics of colors. It's too big to succeed, and too big to fail. • It seems to be a big responsibility, military players in region, wants to be strong, threat of U.S., and also wants desperately to catch up with China in development, the self-imposed pressure to succeed is enormous. • And then there's AIDS.





A road trip with the emergent band the Flaming Lips, in which we learn that
a) you never, ever mess with the bus, **b)** Beck is a dick, **c)** men generally should not sleep in the nude, and **d)** there is hope for all human-kind
By Tom Junod

Photo: David LaChapelle
 Flaming Lips
 Beck
 C. 1994 and
 1995



[Have]



[You]



[Met]



[the]



[Lips?]

all of the children dancing in the wings, everyone descended into the audience and began hugging everyone they can touch, and everyone they *begin* hugging everyone else. Do I hug the kid behind it? Is the dancer the Flaming Lips force you to make Do I hug that? It's clearly ridiculous, or do I follow it as a need to *what's something real?* And so of course I hug him back, and in Feb, when I hear a bar singing along with Wayne the lyrics to a song that somehow made it to the Harkett-Packard commercial, the lyrics that Kersnow, in this extreme of children, in some kind of extreme accent: "Do you realize... that everyone you know... someday... will die?"

The Flaming Lips, the Self-Importance of Rock Stars in General, and Beck Hansen in Particular

THE FLAMING LIPS are not rock stars. They have never been rock stars. Although they have made ten albums and scored for Warner Bros., they have had more radio air in their entire twenty years of existence, and that was ten years ago. It has been their fate—either they chose to focus on their compensation for obscurity—to be known as the favorite band of certain celebrities. Right now they are, according to their publicist, the favorite band of both David Letterman and Conan O'Brien. They are also the favorite band of Juliette Lewis, who, on the night the Flaming Lips were playing in Santa Barbara, California, called the *entire manager* and asked if he could go onstage with her sister and dance around in the intimacy of mutual confusion. The band discussed the prospect before the show. The band also discussed the news that Alyson Milano might dance to an instrumental at tomorrow night's show in Long Beach and that Adam Goldberg, the actor, had played in and asked for roles. Wayne, Steven, Michael, and Mikey talk about the celebrities, interested in them not so much because they are gratified by celebrity interest—even though to some degree they are: "Hey, Adam Goldberg's my friend," Steven says—or even because celebrity interest indicates that they are probably closer to being rock stars than they have ever been in their lives. No, they talk about celebrities because they have a lot of obsessions in which to do it, and on that near they have a lot of obsessions in which to do it.

Beck is a rock star. They didn't think he would be when he called them and asked if they would open for him on his first Chicago tour and then Beck hit during his own set. They thought that Beck would be kind of cool. They thought, specifically, that he would be, well, like them. It is one of Beck's talents to make people think that he is just like them. One day, Wayne and a friend old beat-up Chevy pulling up to the arena and heard the security guards all creak, "Here comes Beck!" because they thought Beck was the kind of guy who goes to school around L.A. in a family old beat-up Chevy that Beck is not that kind of guy. According to the Flaming Lips, Beck is the kind of guy who takes a taxi and then worries about people's knowing that he takes a taxi. Beck is the kind of guy who worries that he is loving his beer. Beck is the kind of guy who worries about his head count and walks out if he doesn't like the color of the walls. Beck is the kind of guy who worries about his food and makes his crew wait around in a restaurant while he sends back his meat two or three times. Beck is the kind of guy who eventually hates his own chef or has someone in his kitchen hire his own chef. Because Beck is the kind of guy who loves a lot to his cellmate and winds up being rather passive participant in his own life. More to the point, Beck is the kind of guy who makes people cry, and now, in the Flaming Lips' annual outages in Santa

Barbara and now for Beck to show up for second cheer. Wayne wonders aloud if Beck is late because Beck is waiting for someone to "put on his pants for him," and then crows, to the darkened theater, "Put on your own pants, Beck!"

"A lot of people ask me what song I wish I had written," Wayne says in the Lips wait for Beck. "C'mon, that's easy—'Happy Birthday.' That's a useful little song. Isn't it? You start singing 'Happy Birthday' and things start happening. People start smiling, they start singing along. Well, that's what rock 'n' roll is, if it's done right. It's useful. You do it right, and people generally have a pretty good time. They go to the concert, they talk to their friends, they drink beer and hopefully they go home and have sex. That's what rock 'n' roll is about, that's what it's always been about—that's the deal. But a guy like Beck, he doesn't know that because, you know, he's Beck. He thinks it's about him. He thinks that when he's walking down the hallway before the show, the people out there are thinking about him walking down the hallway, because he's the artist. And I'm like, 'Beck, I hate to break this to you, but far most of those people, you're the *entertainment*.' They're not thinking of you. They're thinking of whether they're going to have sex tonight. So convince them and help them have sex." And so, at the beginning of this tour, Beck wanted the shows to be very serious. He's a serious artist, he's come out with a serious album, he wants to do a serious show. And I'm like, 'Beck, what are you, Elvis Costello? People like this, but seriously they think he's boring. You're Beck. You do that funny little hipster dance. People love the hipster dance. If you don't do the hipster dance, people are going to be disappointed. So do the hipster dance.' And Beck's like, 'But I want these shows to be serious.' And I'm like, 'Beck, I go out there and pour fake blood all over myself while singing 'Happy Birthday.' The least you can do is dance.'"

In a few minutes, Beck shows up for sound check. He is very small and very pink. He looks not childlike, like fans at a Flaming Lips show, but eerily childlike, and the juxtaposition between his appearance and his status as rock star gives him the appearance of a tiny boy prince of medieval times now acquiring the theme of the *King of the Flaming Lips*. With the Flaming Lips, he sings the lovely, tender, and serious "The Golden Age," from his lovely, tender, and serious album *Sea Change*. Then Wayne suggests they rehearse "Imagine" for the KROQ Christmas concert that, in three nights, will be the last performance the Flaming Lips and Beck do together.

"'Imagine'?" Beck says.

"Well, the concert's on December 8," Wayne says. "That's the anniversary of John Lennon's murder."

"Oh, okay," Beck says. "But do we have to do 'Imagine'?" Later, Wayne will say "Beck doesn't like doing the obvious, so he doesn't want to do 'Imagine.' He wants to do some John Lennon song nobody's ever heard of. But in the day John Lennon died, if you're going to sing a John Lennon song, you have to sing 'Imagine.' But, it's obvious—but so is rock 'n' roll." Right now, however, what he is saying "Let's give it a try."

So Beck sings "Imagine" in an empty house, and it sounds lovely—an earnest or any serious artist could wait. And that night, Wayne sings "Happy Birthday" while pouring fake blood over his head, and Juliette Lewis dances around dressed as a woman or something. And Beck does his *happy little hipster dance* while Wayne lies on the floor in his bloody off-white suit and shines a spotlight on him. And suddenly in the crowd goes home and his sex. And everybody is happy.

JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE OVERLAND

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NEVER CONFUSE YOUR NET WORTH
WITH YOUR SELF WORTH.

The Flaming Lips Battle the Fans who Misunderstand Their Mission

THERE ARE ADVANTAGES to not being rock 'n' roll icons. In this way Wayne Coyne calls the "freedom of not being successful" has allowed the Flaming Lips to do what rock acts never do. It has allowed them not only to survive but to get better. It has allowed them, like in their careers, to produce enormous music of such curious power that they have found new audiences, a new audience, and to stand as close to genuine rock-stardom as they have ever stood. Indeed, in all of rock history there is no precedent for what the Flaming Lips have done, because in all of rock history there is no precedent for what the Flaming Lips did in 1998, with their album *The Soft Bulletin*—there is no precedent for a band producing a soft album, and then, with, without a moment's delay, a hard album.

On first listen, the first thing you would think of about the Flaming Lips album, in that it sounded sort of ridiculous—a concept album about scientists at about thirty or maybe about seventy scientists. For from sounding like a punk album, it was with and grandiose, with big, booming, Led Zeppelin-style *drumming* and fragile melodies that might make Brian Wilson blush. In fact, it was exactly the kind of album that people used to laugh at in the seventies when preposterously the likes of Yes and King Crimson, except that those guys clearly meant it. Seventies or no seventies, *The Soft Bulletin* was unquestionably massive—celebratory of human possibility, inspiring of human frailty, and, at virtually every point, so death-banned by mainstream radio that Bruce Springsteen, and Robert Johnson, and by the time the song "Waste for a Superstern" came in, with its lyrics "I'll be nobody / Waste for a Superstern / that they should say / I told you / before they should say / I told you / Forget that / I told you / In this world, it was clear that I told you / I told you / For a superstern to life," it was clear that the Flaming Lips had arrived at a secondary and even being-wise and were ready to enter their second career in the way and of rock 'n' roll.

You can see it after the Santa Barbara show. You can see the need that the Flaming Lips have managed both to inspire and to answer. You can see that kids are looking to the Flaming Lips—and, specifically to Wayne—not just for music anymore but rather to tell them what no one else in the culture is telling them, which is simply that life is worth living. And because the Flaming Lips are not rock stars—because he's not a rock star but rather something else—Wayne is happy to oblige. He'll hang in and stand with them after the show, happy to shake their hands

It's not that Michael Reed is any proponent for what the Flamingo Club is doing with the waterfront—there are precedent for a bar's location and with around there, with their rich, atmospheric

while saying, "Hi, I'm Wagner," happy to recognize each new poster and to draw a Hitler mustache on the picture of Beck. Now, I'm not saying that Beck is like Hitler. "I'm happy to listen," Wagner even says advice to the lowlards. "Crash, man. If you love her, why don't you go ahead and tell her! Call her when you get home. Do you have a cell phone? Call her now, fine, you might be humiliated. But you might have the last night of your life. . . ." He's happy to do these things, because if the songs on *The Soft Bulletin* and *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* are all about the necessity of saying yes until you face the necessity of saying no, the advantage of not being a rock star is that you can do what rock stars can't, and say yes to your fans.

That, you hear me say so.

The top, of course, is the tear bus. The tear bus has always been the great identifier. No duck 'n' roll, the terrible memory-living bus from their pods. The lid, the lips never had a tear bus of their own until they started tearing with bile... but, now they do. And there's a dead standing outside of it whose need is not merely for a filtration or even for advice. It's a need that even a bad assemblage as the Flaming Lips can't satisfy—the need for validation, the need for identification, the need to be recognized! All during the show, the lid was screaming for Wayne. He was screaming his terrible strident: WAAAAAYNE! during the Laps set, and he was even screaming terrible terrible: WAAAAAYNE! during Beck's set. Now he's writing by the door of the bus, even though Wayne is back inside the theater, capturing photographs of other fans. He hangs up to catch Steven on the way in, and Steven talks to him for a while, but eventually Steven has to shut his hand and go inside... the bus. The door closes, and Steven goes to the back of the bus, where he can smoke and drink and listen to music. Steven, the great heart-musician-heart of the Flaming Lips, Steven, who came to the Laps as a drummer and who now makes virtually all the music on the album (except the bass, Steven, who remembers his boyfriend in terms of music "My father: wailing in the garage and playing Hank Williams. My mother: in the kitchen singing and playing Willie. My brother: creaking on his room and listening to White. The Wierd Were. My sister in her bedroom listening to Donna Summer.") Steven, who says and does so much, who has a million things to say, who has a million things to do, who has a million things to do, while peddling off a bottle of Jim Stew, sits so deeply into every song he listens to—from Little to Yes to Sabbath to Krazy Music to the Beatles to the Eagles to Moby to Super Heavy Animals to Lordsburg to Flowedown Music to Al Green to Donna Summer—that he not only knows every part of every song, he knows every part of every song, in a dead-on, perfect tone, and creates every

—the flea from outside the box leap into his lap. "Disconcert" was the greatest, fluttering rock 'n' roll drummer in the world! Steve's is much bigger than the flea, and so for a second he smiles like he would a baby, and then Nip, the drummer, pulls the flea off and sends him sprawling in the little between the potted plants. The poor flea's so fucked up, he falls over in an open, like an unopened pipe, and he's just lying there, motionless, refusing to get off the bed until a member of the Tapes crew drops him off. And now he's outside the bag again. The floor is closed, and, together with a friend, he stands screening spectators in the terrible black field of rock 'n' roll. "You guys rock! You guys are a bunch of fucking dick!" And then the both of them begin bellowing the best Rock 'n' roll (continued on page 13)



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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

A Woman We Love



She's slimmer, sexier, more confident, and more famous. She stars in blockbusters and art films alike. And yet she's not quite famous. How is this possible?



Does your household is in Copenhagen. **CONNIE NIELSEN** is probably not a household name. This is weird. After all, it's not as though the thirty-seven-year-old Dane has shied away from splashy roles. She's played the exotic Princess Lucilla in *Gladiator*, the phony-as-hell Nina Torkin in *One Night at a Time*, and the demonic Christabelle in *The Devil's Advocate*. And yet I'd wager that Dana Haux has more name recognition. Why? Two theories: 1) The name itself. 2) The whomever quirk of linguistic fate, "Connie Nielsen" just doesn't stick in your noggin. 3) Her ever-changing hair, which she reinvents approximately every thirty six seconds. 3?) I hadn't yet seen her (in this month's *The Masked*, a thriller with Tommy Lee Jones and the men on the cover of this magazine), I was not like recognizing her when she walked into the restaurant for our meeting, her silky hair chopped short and boyish. After the obligatory apologies for her lateness, we settled into a corner table, where she promptly began smoking like a Viking. One beer and four cigarettes later, here's what we'd covered:

—BRENDAN VAUGHAN

ESQUIRE I've heard you're extremely multilingual! Which languages do you speak?

CONNIE NIELSEN Italian, French, German, English, Danish, all the other Scandinavian languages, and a little Spanish as well.

ESQ Fantastic. Which one has the best profanity?

CN I would have to say Italian. It has this great snap to it, you know? And they have these really colorful phrases like "puttanesca." It means "I've had a slut." As in the biblical Eve.

ESQ In Danish, how would you say—

CN Oh, I can't. I grew up a good girl and I never learned how to swear in Danish. [She struggles with a bottle of wine.] Oh my when are they gonna make this easy? We have high speed Internet, and still we have the same problem with the fucking keyboard. [Laughs]

ESQ Tell me about a Danish tradition that our readers might find amusing.

CN Well, we do Christmas a little differently. For example, on December 23 we put some rice porridge in the attic.

ESQ Naturally.

CN The porridge is for the nisse, which are these little gnomes that live up there. They come in little red pointed and gray switters, and they have really pretty faces and they grow even with their sprouting out. You need to make sure they're happy; if they're not happy, they'll take away all the presents.

ESQ I see. Let's talk movies. You just finished shooting *The Great Aust*, in which you play an American nurse at a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in World War II. Sounds like a difficult role.

CN It was physically exhausting, yes. My character is lonely and in danger and morally compromised because she's making her own life and everybody else's life to save these prisoners of war. So I basically cried for two months straight.

ESQ Cameron Diaz always talks about how much fun she has while making a movie. Think she's lying?

CN Diaz, she sure looks like she's always having fun. But I'd like to have someone try it with this role. Fun with Japanese torture!

ESQ Read anything good lately?

CN I love to read. I read the back of a shampoo bottle. I was blown away by Kate Willert's *Sexual Politics*, in which she analyzes the sexual politics of Norman Mailer and D. H. Lawrence. It's one of the wisest, most insightful intellectual exercises I've ever read. You should read it, since you work for a men's magazine.

ESQ I will. And that same vein, I've heard John Updike described as "a penis with a thesaurus."

CN Good, that's worth a little haste.

ESQ For some awful, horrible reason, you're not as well known in this country as your résumé would suggest. Does that bother you?

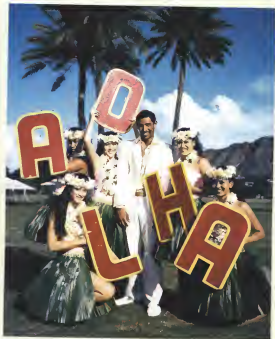
CN No, it's never been about that for me. I live in New York City. I feel like a tourist in Hollywood. You can choose to operate within the system or a little bit outside it. I don't need public adoration to feel worthwhile in my job.

The almost 400,000 women strong
Baffling, right? That's
100 women strong
Esquire calls women



Greetings

[From the 50th State] In this season's designer collections, the line between the East and the West is blurred as Asian-inspired silk print shirts and kimonos mingle with classic summer trousers and suits. To celebrate the trend, Esquire went halfway across the Pacific to Hawaii, where cultural commingling has been a way of life for centuries. Photography by Ben Watts



A local surfer mingles with some wildly Polynesian belly dancers. Two women single-breasted linen and silk sport coat and linen trousers by Barneys; women shirt by Tove; men's monogram by Cole Haan; leather belt by Salvatore Ferragamo; Opposite: The headliner—Brian Aulake and three—can call Hawaii's other famous surfing families. From left, an Armani Two-breasted single-breasted custom sport coat, custom shirt; and custom trousers by Tommy Hilfiger; custom trousers by Prada; On the right: Brian Aulake and three—can call Hawaii's other famous surfing families. From left, an Armani Two-breasted single-breasted custom sport coat, custom shirt; and custom trousers by Tommy Hilfiger; custom trousers by Prada; On the right: Brian Aulake and three—can call Hawaii's other famous surfing families. From left, an Armani Two-breasted single-breasted custom sport coat, custom shirt; and custom trousers by Tommy Hilfiger; custom trousers by Prada.



1. The collection is a tribute to the 1970s, a decade of style and fashion. It features a mix of classic and contemporary elements, including wide-leg trousers, long-sleeved shirts, and bold patterns. The color palette is primarily earthy, with shades of brown, beige, and black, accented with vibrant red and white. The models are posed in a way that highlights the fluidity and movement of the garments.





The People

1 Henry and friend on Oahu: Henry Kingi (left), whose last name means "my house" (they played alongside me once like Dirty Harry), Black Bay guitar maker, indigenous to Hawaii, has been around longer than the blues, and Miles, right, accompanied the greatest string player. From left: Taylor shirt by T's for Men; Yohji Yamamoto, cotton trousers by Yohji Yamamoto. Two-button single-breasted flared suit by Giverny; open shirt by Jean Paul Gaultier. 2 World-class bodybuilder Mark Camacho rides the twenty-foot pipe with no lower lip, lips of just his body and the wine. Two-button single-breasted flared suit, silk shirt, cotton trousers, and brown and white. Robby Ralph. 3 Another ladies' author by Davis. 4 Charles Wicks has been making custom suits for the devoted actors for more than thirty years and is credited with one of the "smashback" movie in the night. Double-breasted flared suit by Giverny; shirt: cotton shirt by Paul Smith. 5 Her dress by Diane von Furstenberg. 6 A legendary water-cream officer, Mr. Paul has been keeping the beachside for twenty years. Three-button single-breasted suit in each state: sport coat, cotton shirt, and cotton-and-silk shirt by Yohji Yamamoto. In the middle by James Neenan. 7 James Lee Lee, who had starring roles in *The Angles* and *Dragon*, the *Seven* Lee story, still calls Hawaii home. One-button single-breasted cotton-and-silk sport coat by DKNY, cotton shirt by Jil Sander. 8 Gary-Kei Ngai's *Yagami* got his bag back in *Beethoven's 2nd*. Last Emperor and *Baron* has appeared in *Mortal Kombat*, *From Hell*, and *Planet of the Apes*. It's kimonos and leather belt by Guccio, cotton trousers by Yohji Yamamoto.



Three actors from *Dallas* in North Shore recline in the bedroom of the Lila grand house designed by Gustaff in Honolulu. From left: Silk shirt and silk shorts by Gucci. Zip-front silk jacket and silk shorts by Gucci. Hair blower by Calvin Klein. men's shorts by Gucci. Opposite: If you see Blue Creek (and frankly we wouldn't blame you) you might recognize Ron Alexander, who played himself. Kiki (middle) on the North Shore, where he stars in up to such famous breaks as Pipeline and Jaws. Causen and Linen skin and cotton sweaters by Giorgio Armani.





Pine Greening, a North Shore regular, poses with two hula dancers in the shadow of Ulouou Hill in Kapiolani Park. Two hula single-breasted costume suits and costume skirt by Edwin Klein, jewelry lockers by Ulouou. Repairs by Alberts Everett. For more information see page 129. Produced by FX Productions. Hair and makeup by David Cox for Double & Double New York. The best new clothes, how to wear them, and where to buy them: explore.com/jcp

House Beautiful

House Beautiful 1992
Pine Greening House



More beautiful
than a house

A house
that is very much more
than a house

The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area. The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area.



MOANA-SEASIDE
HOTEL

MAUNAI BEACH

HONOLULU



1



Four men standing on a beach, holding surfboards. The men are wearing swim trunks and are smiling. The surfboards are of various colors and designs.



The Places

1. **Moana-Seaside Hotel** (1992) The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area. The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area.

2. **The Sheraton Maui** (1992) The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area. The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area.

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9. **The Sheraton Maui** (1992) The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area. The house is a masterpiece of modern design, with a large wooden deck and a covered patio area.



There is almost nothing on earth that cannot be

had for a price. The question is, what is that price? And the answer is twenty dollars. BY TOM CHIARELLA

The \$20 Theory of the Universe

WHEN IT COMES TO THE LANGUAGE OF MONEY, credit cards are nouns. Dull, concrete, limited by rules and restrictions and creepy fine print, credit cards have all the clunk of a union bug. Personal checks—the cowardly stand-in for cash—are ugly and static pronouns. But a twenty-dollar bill, now, that's a thing of beauty. Nothing poetic about a twenty, used correctly, a twenty is all about movement, access, coohee. Forget the other bills. This little word gets you much more than a stiff nod and, these days, the fin is *le rigueur*. A twenty is a nice thought, but it's also a message that you're a Wal-Mart shopper, too cheap for the real deal. A twenty placed in the right hand at the right moment, makes things happen. It gets you past the rope, beyond the door, into the secret files. The twenty has one and eleven, becomes and tags. The twenty you see, is a verb. It's all about action.

\$ And me, well, I'm all about action, too, because I am the original twenty-dollar bill artist. *(The man says)* I have a couple of twenties and I'll pass them off as well as any mogul. Maybe better. My fortune rises and falls with the double-sawback. And because of this, I've always wanted to test myself to establish the weight and worth of a twenty in the world. So last month I took two grand in twenties, rolled them up, and left for New York. I was going to spend three days greasing palms from gate to gate and see what it got me. **\$** I'm not talking about buying here, by the way. When it comes to things with a price tag, a twenty doesn't get you much. You could open one of those stores called EVERYTHING FOR \$20, and who the fuck would go in there? Who needs a bunch of art calendars and T-shirts? No one wants to spend a twenty. It's a fair amount of money for one thing. And it won't get you much, for another. Not in the way of merchandise, anyway. No, you have to give the twenty. Pass it, release it. This is about as much Zen as I can master. Stuff your pockets full of twenties and doors will open by themselves. >>

[I started right away.]

At the airport parking lot in Indianapolis, they offered a car-leader cleaning service for thirty-five dollars. As I was waiting for the shuttle, I started hitchhiking to one of the drivers. "I'd rather pay someone twenty bucks straight cash to get in there and spend it up for me," I said. The driver stood up as his toes. I asked if he was interested. He'd take twenty now, he said, then talk to the guys in the shop, and they'd put my car in line for detailing as long as I'd skip those another twenty when I got back. So I pressed the more and shook hands. Detailing normally costs \$100. Fucker! A I was making money on this point.

When the gate agent wouldn't help me out with my request for the bulkhead on my left, I contacted a plane. I sat on my own on the counter like I said me. An airport is apparently no longer the best place to use a twenty, not since they started a saying: "Chuck Taylor's 'Win't be there!'" the said. I wanted to know. I told her she should and shifted me in as it is now. I told her I wanted the front seat, perfect the twenty forward, and she started to look passed. "I don't want your money," she said. "But I want the seat," I said. "The front one." She said it was assigned and I was told to make something. On the plane, I approached the woman in seat 1A and held out a twenty. She asked if I was serious. I said yes. She took a moment to tell her pants were on fire.

On the next leg—Cleveland to New York—I dropped the ticket counter altogether, walked straight into first class, and announced that I'd give anyone twenty dollars for his seat. There was some laughter, some nervous no-befing, and just when I figured no one would bite, a big guy with a beard of papers and cell phones took the seat. The flight attendant jumped me when I sat down, asking if money had changed hands. The guy next to me nodded, and she pulled me with her finger. "I could have you removed from the plane for that," she said, but the flight was crowded and she was the meridian. The guy sitting next to me said he'd never want that seat before, and he was going to try it next time he didn't get an upgrade. "The FAA would shut their pants off everyone could

do that," he said. "You could auction first class away if you had enough time." I told him that for a forty-seventeen-minute flight from Cleveland, twenty dollars was probably about market price. "I can't get it for twenty dollars," I said, "I don't want it."

He weighed into his seat and turned away. "Man, there's no pricing in comfort," he said.

I decided right there that this could be a kind of rule for passing the twenty: nothing with a price tag.

The flight attendant, still a little pissed, wouldn't let me my free drink once we took off. So I slipped the guy across the aisle from me twenty dollars to get me some little bottle of single malt. I decided not to flaunt it to the stewardess and pocketed the other two for later.

A twenty should not be a ticket to such nice solutions. You have a problem, you need some thing from the back room, you don't want to wait, you whip out the twenty.

I could have stood in line at the airport cabstand for fifteen minutes like every other mook in the world, fessing my balls off, but such is not the way of the twenty-dollar millionaire. I walked straight to the front of the line and offered a woman ten twenty bucks for her spot. She took it with a shrug. Behind her, people craved. "Way! Way!" they shouted. Elsewhere, exactly what I thought. It wasn't good. I needed to get in a cab soon. One of the guys flagging cabs pointed one twelve bucks off the line. That's when I grabbed him by the elbow, pulled him close, and shook his hand, passing the next twenty. I was now down forty dollars for a twenty-dollar cab ride. He tilted his head and nodded to his partner. I perked another twenty and they let me climb in. As we pulled away, someone in the line threw a half-empty cup of coffee against my window.

That whole event had been for public, movable. Another lesson learned: The big guy the fastest—which is to say the more visible the faster—the more discreet the pass should be. A security guy allows his way through the crowd to get you up against the stage at a concert and you skip him the twenty quietly at belt level. Conversely the

smaller the faster, the bigger the flourish. The bellman empties a bottle of alcohol on a rainy afternoon, you pass that twenty as if the world were watching.

I always gave Bobby H., the bellman at my hotel, and on my first night, within minutes of the pass, he suggested that I might request a room upgrade. He even gave me some member trunk for another twenty at the desk and I was out of two quarters, except on my own long. The next day, we made some drill, and when I was in the elevator, The twenty after that, I was in a full suite with a view of Times Square. We used a different desk guy each day. When you're passing twenties, Bobby H. is in line, you have no need of the watch.

"It's a one-time trick," he said. "You don't want anyone to catch on." Somehow he managed to make a twenty such task, having caught on fully some time ago.

My favorite midtown coffee shop, the Café Edison, they remember VIP status for a while. Bob Kildemo and August Wilson who supposedly come here to write. They keep the area topped off and generally empty, even at noon while a line stretches out the door. This has always pissed me off. So when featured at noon one day, I decided to slip it to the old lady at the counter, and she waved me into the VIP line she was shaking me with the back of her hand. I got my own marker for that, once the shop was only half full at the time and was too busy for the waiter to remember to refill my coffee. Still, people left the restaurant peering at me, working hard to figure who in the world I might be.

I wanted to sell them I was the twenty-dollar millionaire. I wanted to sell them how well my twenties were serving me, even in the best locations. With a bunch of well-placed bills and some fairly precise requests, a meal had before forty-two nearly stacked in a single tower on my bed, a bellman had carried my laptop on his shoulder for an hour, the janitor had let me into the subterranean where I could cut the subway through a large crack in the foundation, and the bartender hooked up the microphone and let me sing at the hotel bar, without compensation, all before lunch hour.

At 3:00 that very morning, I had called an English Avenue hotel and told them I'd give them twenty dollars for a glass of milk and a M&M's magazine. The guy who answered the phone had a thick Arabic-ac-



Roy Jones Jr.

[Bower, 34, Pensacola, Florida]

What I've Learned

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUZZMAN // Photography Martin Schellner

A man who isn't gonna beat, you ain't got him no beat.

All you got to do is say two words and I know I wanna be around you.

You got a governor on your car, it ain't gonna go but so fast. All I got to do is get a car that can go faster than your car, and you will never beat me because that governor is gonna stop you at a certain speed. I know that, and you know that, too. So you're gonna quit.

One thing I learned from the '88 Olympics: It's not a question of if they can screw you over; it's a question of if they will. It's not the gold medal they took away from me. The medal doesn't mean anything. It's that they and I lost. That experience is well and alive in my mind.

Oscar de La Hoya can kiss my ass. The Golden Boy. Guaranteed. I'd beat him and two or three more of those motherfuckers in the same day.

I am just what they think I'm not. I'm that three times.

The night Marvin Austin Roberts got beaten by James Jones, I watched an HBO employee celebrate. He was yelling, "I told you! I told you! I can get anybody beat!" He didn't realize I caught him in the act. People can say whatever they want, but I know it with my own eyes. They want your ass beat because a sports man can win. News hounds about excitement. And excitement brings about ratings. The objective is to bring you up on the tower and then tear your ass down. And if you don't believe that, you're crazy.

I give my roosters the best of food. I give them the best of care. I take them everything; they want before I ask them to sacrifice. Get a rooster comfortable and he'll fight his ass off. That's all I ask of HBO. They just can't see that.

I stole a lot of guys with eyes. They would try to hide something that was there. Then I would use their weakness and they weren't the ones no more. Experts take you down if you get caught up in the hype.

If you're the champ, you're supposed to take whatever comes to you. If my opponents aren't good, it's not my fault.

I got real bored in '96. Wasn't nobody to fight. Nothing to look forward to. That's when I started playing basketball again. I'd be lost real playing basketball, my hands never would have failed. But I went from a sport where nobody could touch me to another where I couldn't touch nobody. First time word got out, guys would go by me and give me hell. I'd be on hands every weekend! And I got in the groove of it, these guys didn't get by me so easy. First time, yeah. Second time, maybe. Third time, it wasn't the same Roy Jones. Now they're saying, "Geez, you got so much better!" It made me see both sides. It brought me the difference between having the talent, being blessed, and working hard and not having the talent but having the guts and wanting to be the best. I could appreciate being at the top of my sport. At the time, I could be myself on the basketball court and know what would be coming at me in the ring. I know how that guy feels. I know what he's thinking like ain't nobody, but he wants to make me look like a nobody. And that's what allows me to whip him so good.

People can look at you however they want. You gotta look at you.

When a rooster's got one eye, he becomes dangerous, because he knows every kick could be his last kick. So he puts everything he's got into that kick. Same with boxing. Every punch from a man with one eye is going to knock it off it. You better be careful.

My father didn't beat every. It's just that sometimes you make mistakes; you gotta pay for them.

You see what happened to Gerald McClellan? He believed the hype, went to England, and came home in a wheel chair. Now a whole wants to see Gerald. They want to ignore that. But I'm not going to ignore that. Deal with Larry Merchant and all the critics. They're not going to help me if my life gets damaged. You don't see Larry Merchant taking care of Gerald McClellan. I gotta live for me.

When I started, I looked out about seventeen of 'em in a row. But I hurt people. That's not that good a way to be. I could fuck somebody up I'm that strong. If I started showing people how mean I really am, somebody could wind up dead. I'd fought like I was looking for a physical history, it would make me a person. I don't think history is worth anything my ass. God wouldn't want me to be the type of winner that kills another person. So I gotta chill and stay the size guy that I am. Everything's real good now between my daddy and me. I'm a man, and he's a man. And we both understand that. I love my daddy to death. But he had to move to let me fly.

Always go back to where you started. That's the secret.

Ain't the toughest motherfucker in the world. I ain't Mr. Depman. Not trying to be Mr. Tough Guy. Don't want to be. Tell you one thing, though I'm one of the toughest motherfuckers in the world. You've been talking to a fuckin' genius. H



On March 1, Brite heavyweight champion Jones Jr. will fight welterweight champion John Ruiz, another who outweighs him by nearly fifty pounds. If Jones wins, he'll be the first man to have won mid- (flewweight, light heavyweight, and heavyweight) championships since Bob Fitzsimmons across published that feat in 1917.

CLOSE-UP The Dress Shirt

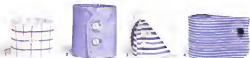
Everything you need to know to build the perfect shirt wardrobe



cotton shirt
©2002 by Time

How It's Made

The Cuff



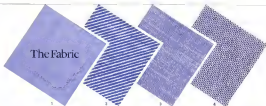
1 The one-button barrel 1. Here's your basic style where, anyone cuff. **2 Two-button reinforced barrel** A nice detail that, far for quality as just shows off. **3 The two-button barrel** A smart look that shows to the party. **4 The French cuff** A nice detail, with a single silk knot or a plain cuff. It's the best why to show that you know exactly what you're doing. From left, Cotton shirt (©02) by Tommy Hilgier, cotton shirt (©20) by Robert Talbot, cotton shirt (©02) by Camel, cotton shirt (©02) by Camel.

The Collar



1 The spread collar The best formal of the collar styles, it should be worn with nothing dressier than a sport coat, and always buttoned. **2 The straight point** The most versatile option. Good for the round face or short necklines, as it neither accentuates your face nor hides the neck. **3 The medium spread** A handsome option appropriate with almost any suit and face shape. **4 The two-button spread** Sets nice and high on the neck, and works well for the tall, very guy who needs some extra support to hold his face and height together. Cotton shirts by Robert Talbot.

The Fabric



You know there's a whole range of weaves, even before color plays into it. But did you know that certain weaves beg pairing with certain ties? Now you do. There are many options, so here's some of the most popular: **1 Plain-weave** This very fine, almost translucent weave cotton works best with silk and other lightweight ties. **2 Twill-weave** A heavier, more textured cotton with a fine pattern, this heavy weave can carry off the chunkiest of woven silk ties. **3 Broad-weave** and **4 Broad-weave** Caneless, with a subtle color (a touch of blue) cotton will carry the weave that results in a fine check. May be paired with sturdy fabrics like thick silk weaves. **5 Fine** This lightweight, super-fine option coordinates well with fine silk, cotton, and linen ties.

Mix & Match

THE PATTERN Any day you people here catch trouble with their eyes, they are linked to witness how transgressions in the color dimension of upper body alignment by girth will rise. You cross yourselves in such a manner as to insinuate women to cover their children's eyes and say silent prayers. It is not that hard. It is all trial and error and realize only an eye for color. If you don't have one do not improve. Ask the saleslady. The big and take a cut from what you see on your well-turned-out jeans or the eyes in each, at the center below. Do it for the children.



◀ Pencil stripe, bold-striped tie
Cotton (50% (34))
by Geoffrey Beene
also double by
Robert Talbot



A giant windup gun check, small perimeter (a Cuban shrodder) by green) will be (2000 by Ernesto de Zuma



> shadow stripes,
> dark stripes sold
the Cotton shirt
(200) and the tie
(100) by 100.



A. Large window-pane clock, designed by Giorgetto Giugiaro (GG) and sold (1960) by Tommy Hilfner.

◀ Gingham check, small paisley tie: custom skirt (pat: by used talk to (313) 645-1101).

4) Multitrack fancy stripes, small-pattern geometric tie Cotton/lin (50%) and silk (50%) (50%) by Consiliani

► **Monochromatic glass plaid, bold striped tie**—Cotton shirt (left) by Darnice; bold silk tie (right) by Geoffrey Beane

How It's Worn



THE BOX PLEAT A nice detail on the dress shirt is the box pleat, which drapes from the yoke—the piece of fabric that gets over the shoulder to the bottom of the shirt and provides greater roominess in the shirt's back. Cotton shirt (\$69) by Tummy Hoffer



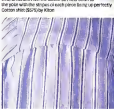
V-NECK HAND SEWN SHOULDER
Only on a very high-quality dress, expensive dress shirt will the sleeves be hand sewn to the yoke with the stripes of each piece being up perfectly.
Cotton shirt \$625 Joe Kline



◀ **THE BOTTOM BUTTON** On the new made classic dress, the buttonholes are all cut and sewn vertically into the pocket, except for the very bottom one, which is horizontal. This is because skirted suits to button into the front of the trousers to prevent blowing, and even though pants are larger and more modern, the finest skirt makes it hard to cling to the tradition. Cotton skirt (\$290) by L'Amorosi.



THE CONTRASTING COLLAR Created so that white-collar types could wear colorful shirts without losing status, the contrast collar is now a favorite with dandies. Show us a Hiffer's "Reserve collar," which is cut on the bias to withstand many washings without a Godwin shirt-kick by James Wilson.



THE PLACKET The place where the buttons hold together is called the placket. On a well-made dress shirt, the placket is a separate piece of material built into the shirt to which a single-needle machine stitch is used to attach the buttons. A heavier weight, smoother fabric is used for the placket in all shirts in order to keep the shirt cool and elegant. From left to right, the placket is built into the shirt, collar, cuffs and waistband.



➤ **THE BUSTLE** A gusset is added for reinforcement at the bottom of the skirt where the front and back join. Cotton skirt fabric by THOMAS Pink.

◀ THE BUTTONS Mother-of-pearl buttons are a sign of a well-made shirt. The trick is the better, the whiter and less the wearings. Four holes mean a better shirt.

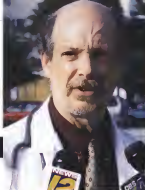


WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO

ANTHRAX ?

In October 2001, a sixty-three-year-old man staggered into a Florida hospital with a case of what appeared to be no bacterial meningitis. It wasn't. It was our nation's first case of variant anthrax in twenty-five years, and Bob Scherr was our first victim of posterior. The story of his almost miraculous diagnosis reveals just how close America came to utter disaster. **BY SEAN FLYNN**





That's why Larry Bush is called in. He's the chief of staff at JFK and a specialist in infectious diseases. A bug doctor. Which is like being a hunter, only, tracking microscopic tritons, bacteria and viruses, analyzing them, deciphering their defenses and their weaknesses, figuring out how to kill them. Bob Stevens is in need of a bug hunter.

Larry pads into the hospital shortly before eight o'clock, a slender man with an unruly fringe of wavy hair, a graying mustache, and a little and boyish energy that makes him seem younger than his fairly nice years. He checks his belt, reviews his vitals, eyeballs the vital of cloudy spinal fluid. He respects bacterial meningitis, too, because, yes, but treatable and not uncommon. JFK gets a couple cases a month.

He leaves the ER and heads down the long blue hallway leading to the lab, where a duplicate of Bob's spinal fluid has already been secured on a slide and stained with a chemical that highlights bacteria. Larry perches on a stool in front of an Olympus BH-2 microscope, pushes the slide into place, and adjusts the lens to magnify the view one thousand times. He leans over, focuses through dual eyepieces.

His Stinks. Looks spiky. Ellipsoid spiky. Inflection as emerging from the Bob Stevens. The slide is overexposed with bacteria. But it's the shape of the bacteria that scares Larry Bush. They're long and slender, like marquis sized people, and linked together in pimpled chains—the distinctive profile of the Bacillus genus. Except bacilli shouldn't be floating in anyone's spinal fluid. Most types of bacilli—there are a few dozen—are harmless, neither hardy nor aggressive enough to cause serious infection. Usually when *Bacillus* germs show up on a slide it's because a lab tech didn't scrub up properly and a few benign bacteria dogged off his hands, contaminating the sample. Even then, there's only a few of them.

But Larry's never seen anything like this before. Sixteen years ago at JFK, four thousand consultations each year in the ER alone—never since has a similar colony of bacilli glowed under his microscope. In his head, too, he starts cataloging the suspects, the handful of harmful *Bacillus* germs that might have taken root in Bob's body and made him sick. It could be *Bacillus anthracis*, but that is usually found in people with crippled immune systems, worn

down by AIDS or chemotherapy. *Bacillus cereus* is another possibility, but that gets into the body only through direct trauma—say, on a porcupine stuck closed into an eyelid.

But Bob doesn't have any gaping wounds, and his immune system is fine. Not been, anyway.

Larry looks through the lens again. The bacteria are just lying there, inert, like miniature loquax applied oil soluble risks. Soluble and anaerobic and crowd and swim. These aren't moving at all. And that's when Larry notices there is only one potential suspect left: *Bacillus anthracis*. It's the only thing that fits. The shape, the way it behaves on the slide, the damage it's done to Bob. *Anthrax*. Bob Stevens has fucking *anthrax*.

HE THINKS IT, nobody gets intubated *anthrax*, not anyone, not for twenty-five years. In all of the twentieth century, only eight-

ONE LOOK through a microscope was all JFK needed to conclude that Larry Bush had *anthrax*. He didn't need to. He didn't need to. Not for twenty-five years. In all of the twentieth century, only eight-

teen Americans came down with it. And most of them worked as milk with animal hides, breaking in the invisible spores that floated from the remnants of isolated goats and sheep, that's why they called it *wool-sorter's disease*. Bob Stevens isn't a wool-sorter. He's a doctor. He's a doctor in a building in Boca Raton.

Larry is sure of what he's seeing, though. The patient is infected with *anthrax*, and the odds that he was infected with it naturally are so implausible as to be impossible. There's only one way Larry can explain it, then: Someone deliberately infected him. Bob is a victim of a biological attack.

An anthrax attack has never happened before. But Larry knows it's not unthinkable, not when there's a mountain of rubble still smoldering where the World Trade Center stood just three weeks ago. Hell, he probably knows that the field teams roaming all over lower Manhattan, trying to catch a whiff of germs or guess the terrorist might spray on the ruins to poison all those rescue workers and take out another few thousand people. If not New York in September, why not south Florida in October? The day of the September 11 hijackers had lived for a time near Atlanta. They'd even asked about deep-drawers at a little makeshift satellite out for films. Louisiana. It was possible.

A lot of very smart people, epidemiologists and generals and civilian-disease analysts, had been working openly on a biological attack for years. Whose one—most of it came, but when they said it would be apocalyptic, a medieval catastrophe. The scenario would have the germs through the subway tunnels or dump them into the vents at the Mall of America or cast them from a plane flying low over downtown Boca Raton. Maybe they'd use piglets or maybe they'd use minkers, but they'd just go kooky on *anthrax*. All the bad guys love *anthrax*. A lot of the good guys, too. The Soviets used it in it by the ton, and the Iraqis were suspected of having enough to take out the entire Arabian peninsula. At last count, as many as sixteen countries were cultivating it in one way or another. And that's just the weapons-grade stock, the stock with spores ground to their finest and deadliest. The lesser grades? There were hundreds of research labs around the world with vials of unrefined *anthrax* strains stored in filthy cabinets

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ANTHRAX?

Larry had kept up with all the reports, had read all the articles in the medical journals about how *anthrax* was supposed to behave if used as a weapon, how it would spread, the damage it would wreak. At first, no one would even notice that there'd been an attack. No one would smell it or taste it or feel it, not even while they were making spores deep into the lungs, into the sporey bits where the bacteria would start winning their way to the lymph nodes. After a week or so, a few dozen casualties would stream into the ER, fevered and bubbling, their muscles chattering into fits. Once the doctors figured out what was wrong with them, it'd be too late. And then mass panics would ensue. The odds estimated that a handful of kilograms of *anthrax* spores sprayed released around Washington, D.C., could kill up to three million people in a span of six weeks.

It would be an act of war, of course, or the work of a sophisticated pack of terrorists, because *anthrax* is not a viable weapon for the lone nut, not like mixing fuel oil and fertilizer on the back of a Ryder truck. Getting the germs from their natural state—dormant spores are found nearly on prunes and green beans—to a potent state takes considerable technical proficiency (as well as an up-to-date vaccine). War is it useful for surgical strikes, an invisible mist of *anthrax* is almost impossible to contain once it's released. It would happen. They'd be there, huge and awful and all at once, because there is no reason for it not to.

It's in an attack, in other words, that the germs in Bob should also be germinating in a few thousand other people by now. Larry's thinking, *If this stuff has been aerosolized, it could take out a quarter million people. JFK can't treat that many people. He can't treat that many people, not when they get this sick this fast. Bob was the first seven hours ago, now he's sleeping through a plane ride. They'd be there when we can get them into a bed, he thinks. Even if there's only a handful victims, we can't treat them—we don't have a hundred ventilators. They'll die.*

But there aren't a hundred other victims. In fact, as far as Larry knows, there aren't any other victims in Boca Raton County. Not yet. *Why doesn't make sense, not according to the models.*

Larry walks out of the lab. He tells the head nurse to move Bob to the intensive-care unit immediately because Bob is sick and because there's less traffic there, less chance for an onlooker to overhead a very creepy, repeat it, and throw the whole hospital into panic. Then he leaves, marches across the parking lot toward his office in the building on the other side. On the way he sees one of his colleagues, Barry Abrams.

"You got a guy in the ER," he tells Abrams, "and I think he has *anthrax*." He leaves himself a bit of time to shake it out. "He's pretty sure he has *anthrax*." The two doctors stare at each other. "Do you know what that means?" Larry asks.

They say it together: "Bioterror."

It doesn't make any sense, and there isn't any other answer.

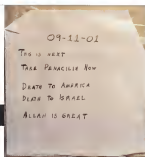
THERE IS A THEOREM, Occam's razor, that doctors rely on when diagnosing patients. Derived from the fourteenth-century philosophical wranglings of William of Occam, it holds that the simplest answer is usually the correct answer. Not enough. Just as it

BOB STEVENS is half dead by the time Larry Bush gets to him. He's intubated in room 31, a cramped rectangle just off the emergency room at JFK Medical Center in Atlantic Florida, a bedroom town south of West Palm Beach. A ventilator is pushing air into his nearly lungs, and there's a bridge on his back covering a hole where a needle slipped out of a few milliliters of his spinal fluid. He's been in the hospital for six hours.

Bob Stevens is sixty-three years old and, except for the steel prying open one of his coronary arteries, in decent health. Or was, say now. He's going downhill fast.

He showed up with his wife, Maureen, just after two o'clock that morning, Tuesday, October 2, 2001, fevered and barely coherent but still able to walk. He'd been sick for a couple days, lethargic, running a mild temperature. Nothing serious, nothing that kept him from driving all the way home from North Carolina the day before, Charlotte to Lakeland, ten hours if he didn't stop, which he didn't. He was home by five, in bed by eight, with a temperature of 101. Five hours after that, around six, he was vomiting in the bathroom, so Maureen packed him into the car and drove him to JFK. He was there for a few hours before having a seizure or seizure, which is why he's now in room 37 with a machine doing his breathing for him.

The night-shift doctors didn't know what was wrong with him, not exactly. His chest X-ray was fairly showing a merely cloudy lung. His spinal fluid was a mess, too. In a healthy man, it's clear and down like water. Bob's was milky white, yellow, and, upon looking, The preliminary diagnosis was some kind of aggressive meningitis.



women with a mousy nose and a cough probably has a cold, a man with bacterial meningitis is probably infected with a germ the neurologist-sleuth doctor has seen in his professional lifetime.

Larry Bush is edging backward now along the stairs. And he has to guess that it's also a cold in the morning, he's been treating Bob Stevens for hours to hours, and already he's worried about the implications. The word keeps straining in his head: *anthrax*. He can't just assume that Bob has anthrax, that Polio Research County is under badge of state. There'll be panic in the streets.

And what if he's wrong?
But what if he's right? How long can he wait? Hours, maybe a day. He suspects the exposure has been limited, because the odds of Bob, already that old, being the only one to survive into the 21st are too low to sustain. But there will be others, he guesses. Even if the germ had been spread on Bob's front lawn, a light breeze would be enough to lift them from the grass and blow them down the street, across parks, through windows, and into homes.

Larry pulls aside a bedsheet in the hospital's lab and tells him what he suspects. He orders tests for anthrax and arsenic so he can rule those out. He has to wait more than four hours, until 11:30, for the results. They're both negative. Even then, he can't say the germ is anthrax. The *anthracis* bacteria, *B. anthracis*, doesn't have the supplies to test for himself instantly. He'll say he's positive. Do. Who needs tests that haven't been tested in a quarter century?

Larry sees that the culture is sent to the state lab in Jacksonville. Overnight delivery, a full day to run the tests—almost thirty hours before he will have a final answer. Too long to keep his suspicions silent, too long to risk someone else getting sick.

Just after three, he closes his office door and calls Jean Malicki, the director of public health in Polio Research County.
"Is your door closed?" Larry asks her. His wife is here, not much above a whisper. It has an echo of his Polio/anthrax roots. "I've got a guy in the ICU, and I think he has anthrax," he says.

And how? She'll just speak that very afternoon across the street from her office at a seminar on biological and chemical weapons where one guy—no, that—who was supposed to be an expert got



up and said no terrorist would use anthrax. It's too complicated, he said. Too dangerous. And now, right now, this same afternoon, Larry thinks he's got a patient with it? Or was. Is this a plot?

"Larry..." she says. He's known her for more than a decade, respects him, believes he's good at what he does. She's never known him to be an extremist, but she doesn't know what to say. "Larry, you're a very talented infectious-disease specialist..." She doesn't finish the sentence. My God, she's thinking. What do we even look for?

PENICILLIN KILLS IT. The most primitive antibiotic, the first one ever discovered, destroys the germ almost instant. But it's special kind. By late Tuesday, Larry has discovered that other antibiotics—doxycycline, ampicillin—work against the bacteria, too. It's probably too late for Bob, though. Bob's been unconscious for two hours already. There are millions of guys swimming through his system, too many for drugs to reach them.

But Larry's surprised, and more than a little relieved, that antibiotics are proving at all effective, because weapons-grade anthrax would very likely be engineered to resist those for maximum killing power. (Why go through the trouble of poisoning people if a handful of common pills will keep the enemy at fighting length?) Still, once anthrax that hasn't been tested in the lab is an exceptionally lethal bacteria. It mostly infects animals—cows and sheep and other ruminants—that graze through pastures where the dormant bacteria are buried up to microscopic spots, like hard little cocoons. What happens if, every so often, a few thousand spores get chewed loose from the soil and swallowed or inhaled. Once inside an animal's body, the germs wake up, multiply, and begin to feed. At the same time, they excrete one toxin that destroys individual cells and another that causes the body's cells to swell and eventually rupture, replacing one with another.

That hardly ever happens to humans, who typically don't graze on pastures. Occasionally, though, a few spores will sneak in through a cut on a rancher's hand or a scrape on a guide's wrist, leading to a monstrous infection. That isn't particularly

terrible, though, just an ugly lesion that is generally cleared up by a course of antibiotics. In any case, it doesn't happen often. Between 1944 and 1994, only 324 cases of cutaneous anthrax were diagnosed in the United States.

The worst form of anthrax, the deadliest version, is inhalational anthrax. It is also exceedingly rare. More people get bacterial plague every year than have contracted inhalational anthrax in the past twenty years. That's because spores tend to clump together, attracted by a sticky charge the same way dust clings to a television screen. At least at, say, twenty spores is big enough to be trapped by nose hairs or blocked by cilia lining the airways, which prevents them from burrowing into the thinnest corners of the lungs. Which is also why making a weapon out of anthrax is so difficult. The dormant germ is to effective killers, have to

be killed down to a micro or so—a human has to absorb seventy-five million spores—and then mixed with an antibiotic agent to keep them separated.

Bob Stevens has inhalational anthrax. Larry doesn't need the official test results to know this. He's looking at the problem: people. He also knows there's no chance Bob contracted this accidentally. The last time a new got anthrax in south Florida was 1991.

But there are no mass casualties. The germ can be killed with common drugs. The nation's first anthrax attack is not going according to plan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3. Bradley Perkins is an epidemiologist, but he looks like an exceptionally well groomed reader, leg and boyishly combed, with a crop of sandy hair working over his broad face. At the moment, he is in suburban Atlanta, waiting for his daughter to finish up her piano lesson, when his phone rings. It's David Leibkind, one of the doctors on his staff at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. David's called them right before anthrax in Florida.

He listens to David run through the basics, the symptoms, the early test results. His pulse quickens. A classic case, David thinks. David tells him that, Palm Beach County, just outside Boca Raton, another flash. That's who in the 1911 nervous breakdown. When he hangs up, it hits him. Everything fits. This is it. *Bioanthrax*.

He's divided the summer for years, knew it was coming, knew one was ready for it. And supervises a team of the CDC's Epidemiologic Surveillance Service, which was created in 1991 to ferret out biological attacks, so much the commission if they started spreading plague over the Korean peninsula. It turned out there wasn't much need for that. Using germ and virus as weapons never became a mainstream of military weapons, mainly because they proved too unreliable. Contagious viruses spread wildly, and aerosolized bacteria can drift with the wind, not unlike the way mustard gas eventually blew the wrong way over the trenches of the Western Front. And in technology allowed for more lethal biologicals, the threat of revolution kept everybody in check. As a exchange of blood or anthrax was so plausible to the cold-war superpowers as a nuclear showdown.

So instead the EIS gradually shifted its focus to naturally occurring epidemics. When David Perkins signed on for a two-year stint with the EIS in 1988, that's what he worked on. He chased down outbreaks of bacterial meningitis in Nairobi and

WHAT EVER HAPPENS TO ANTHRAX?

influenza, paratyphoid fever, three spent months unraveling the cause of cat-scratch disease. It was miteric work, but he was doing it.

Two years later, David is in charge of the team he used to work for. And for the past few years, he's been warning again about bioterror, about the man-made epidemic the EIS was originally formed to investigate. He's worked through all the taboos: courses with the military people, the worst case scenarios of a hundred billion bugs issued over New York or Los Angeles, the single-point explosion, the massive attack upon which generals fret. But what has worried him most was the

low-tech scenarios, the phantoms with black-and-white connections or the misanthropic doctor who might swipe a few grams of something deadly down a lab. There had been hoaxes for years, usually in women's health clinics, letters sprinkled with telltale powder or contaminants, with ANTHRAX or ANTHRAX scrawled on the envelopes. Perkins always thought that if any of these hoaxes had been real, on one knew what would have happened. How far would the business spread? How many people would it infect? How long before people got sick? How long before they died? How would we treat people?

One knew, he says, less in a hurry to find out, either in the late nineties, almost a decade after President George H. W. Bush asked the biggest act of America with positions of people passing troops in the desert, the CDC finally got some money to start stockpiling antibiotics and to organize a network of labs to respond to an attack early. But there was still no cash for research. No real-life models to work from, either, only games, and most of these were extrapolated from a twenty-year-old accident on a thousand miles from home. In the spring of 1978, a worker at a military lab near Fort Ord in the former Soviet Union forgot an antibiotic filter in the exhaust system, and anthrax spores drifted out into the night wind. Because the Soviets never fully acknowledged the accident, the best guess is that at least twenty people died and thousands more fell ill, the last of whose developed symptoms more than two weeks after the initial exposure.

That's all we know. That's what Perkins has to go on. One old man's symptoms and twenty-two-year-old ghost stories. He checks the phones for a few hours, then goes home to pack for the week in Florida.

IT'S A QUARTER PAST SEVEN on Wednesday night, thirty-five miles from Larry Bush's house, in his retro-scope, and Jean Malicki is at 3916 Medical Center, sitting through the details of Bob Stevens's life.

The last test results still aren't in, but, like Larry Bush, Jean assumes Bob has anthrax. She knows. He's got a public-health doctor at his elbow, and he's convinced it. And not who else may have been exposed, and contain the disease.

An epidemiological investigation is a process of elimination. To be thorough, investigators have to backtrack, check every place Bob could have inhaled those microscopic spores. After the David's inside or which, Jean is finally



(CLOCKWISE) the CDC's head, Peter Ladd, offers to help coordinate the investigation; Anne Mulcahy, CDC's deputy director, oversees the investigation

for with benzene. It is not difficult to monitor the entire body of available literature on anthrax or chemicals—Stanton was infected just about two months after the initial release. So she'll have to retrace Bob's final story days of reconnaissance, identify any suspect places, then clear each one. She's glad that and her CDC team are coming down, she can use the help. She called in the file yesterday. Tandythompson, right after she called the state's public health officials.

Jean gets most of her information from Bob's wife, Maureen. She asks questions for three hours, greatly probing during Maureen's visits to her husband's bedside. By a quarter past two, Jean has a pretty good dossier on Bob Stevens.

It's a Bert Ladd-on-his, but he's been in the States since 1994. He moved in a commercial effort and went to work for American Media Inc., which owns the National Enquirer and Weekly World News and a handful of other supermarket tabloids. He is a photo editor for The Star, whose offices are on the third floor of AMI's headquarters, almost twenty thousand square feet of beige concrete and steelwork glass set behind a stand of trees in an office park in Leesville. He opens the occasional package, but mostly he does books down on his computer.

It's a thirty-five-minute trip from the office to Bob's house in Leesville, thirty-five if traffic on Route 66A is light, and he drives with the windows open. In his backseat, there is an orange tree, pineapple plants, pots of herbs that he reads, and, near the back, a patch of loose dirt where he'll make a chicken or two. Sometimes Bob will pick fruit from the tree and slice it in half for the juice, usually without washing it all first. There are feed sacs shilling around the neighborhood, which Bob and Maureen feed. It's not quite the Middle. Bob will pick them in a net and slice them down in one of the feed bins. It's probably in good dirty of them.

Jean's thinking that these are all ways, theoretically, that Bob could have been exposed. A shooting of snakes on the orange tree, spores clinging to a road, a puffball house with the weeds. There are some possibilities. Two, John Prince Park, where he'd peddle his bicycle with a friend. Lake Woebe Beach, where he'd pick his

granddaughter, Amelia, almost every Sunday. The beach of Lake Calumet or the Louisiana Wildlife Refuge, where he fished.

Bob bought his hamster rice and curry paste and garlic pills from an Indian store on Dixie Highway, and had a meal from the Periwinkle Condo (Miami) Supermarket on Krome Hill Boulevard. Both of those places will get more. But since in both is the past one month, Bob will have to be checked.

Maureen tells Jean that her husband worked five a week ago, on Wednesday, September 18. The next morning, at seven o'clock, they left home and started driving north on Interstate 95 toward Charlotte, where their daughter Casey lives. They stopped only for gas in Ocala, 801 29. Maureen's good with the details.

They got downtown at a hotel in North Carolina, found their way to Casey's house at about 5:30. Her puppy, a small the second black in June, tipped at three. Just playful, nervous screeches.

The next morning, Friday, the three of them drove out to a place called Chimney Creek, rode the elevator up to the observation deck at the peak, looked around, came back down. Then they bicycled at the bottom of Hickory Star Falls, where water cascades down a five-hundred-foot cliff. Bob leaned in close to the falls, scooped a handful of water and drank it. He told Casey, "Dinner tomorrow? Bob spent Saturday working around downtown Charlotte, walking the puppy in the park behind the apartment, then visiting a wife Maureen and Casey were shopping. He felt tired, not sick. He went to bed a little earlier than normal, just before ten.

It was him on Sunday, October 1, about 12:30. They were driving to Durham to see Casey's boyfriend, Andrew, a student at Duke, when Bob started shivering, shaking, his face flushed. He lay down for a couple hours in Andrew's bedroom house, then rode in the rear seat back to Charlotte. His appetite disappeared. He slept deep and hard. The next morning, Maureen felt his pulse. It was soiled with sweat.

They were up by 6:00 A.M., on the road to Florida on I-95. Bob drove, stopped bottled water, and kept a sweater on the back seat. They were home by five. Bob stopped his usual beer, drank some hot tea instead, ate a turkey sandwich. He told Maureen he felt weird, took his temperature. 100. He was not at eight, but he was 100, restless.

At 10:30 Tuesday morning, he woke Maureen with his snatching. A few hours later, he was unconscious.

They went to Jean Mulcahy to work with the machine details of a nice man's life, a million possibilities and not a single clue.

BRAD PERKINS and his team of CDC investigators are on the ground in Florida by four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, October 4. They know for certain what they're doing with the case. The first test on Bob's spinal fluid came back early that morning: positive. Bob got intrathecal anthrax, the first American case in a generation.

The strategy from here is straightforward: extract Bob's last steps, collect samples of soil and dust, and pick everything off to the lab. At the same time, investigators are hunting for other cases. It's unthinkable that Bob was the only one he infected. Just already has the medical examiner, plus over old death certificates, looking for any unusual fatalities. She has veterinarians going through their files, too. Nearly three dozen hospitals on the east coast of Florida are put on alert for patients with symptoms like Bob's.

Working from Jean's notes, Rad organizes his staff into three teams. Friday morning, they split up. One goes to the lakes where Bob fished and the park where he rode his bike. Another takes the stores where he bought his spices and needles. Rad takes the third team to Bob's house. (A separate CDC squad remains in North Carolina steps.) It's not surprising to find anything there, but he has to check. Maybe Bob has an old coat lined with just hair in his closet or a messy shopping bag stuffed in a corner of the garage.

Rad spends a few hours at the house, peering around the yard, seeing down from the walls. It's a total crapshoot. The snail he's using to collect the samples has never been used in the field before. He doesn't know if they'll pick up any spores that might be lingering on a counterpane. Doesn't know if they'll kick out false positives in the lab. All he knows is nothing looks suspicious.

By early afternoon, he's driving south to Bob's office in Boca. His gut is telling him that's where he'll find the anthrax. Bob's in Boca. He won't put it on the protective gear. The staff at AMI is doing enough without men in white biohazard suits tramping around their cubicles. Bob's taking a precautionary course of antibiotics, which should—should—neutralize any low-dose exposure. If he goes into any high-risk areas, like the vent system or the air conditioning units, he'll put up the full armor.

Rad and his staff talk to Bob's coworkers, ask if he's gotten any suspicious packages. No one remembers anything like that. They ask if Bob has any enemies, if he was into anything weird, if any ex-girlfriends have been harassing him. No. Everyone likes Bob.

He goes to the third floor, finds the desk where Bob downloaded photographs on his computer. Like Larry Bush and Jean Mulcahy, Rad is thinking the spores might have been mailed in to the building. Okay, he says to himself, where do I go on a list? He looks at the desk. All right, powder kills out. Where is it going to be undisturbed a week later? He looks in the computer desk things to the server, gets trapped in the keyboard. He digs samples from both surfaces. He turns around from the rest of the building, waiting here, while there, picking areas where they think an entrance might have carried spores there. They work down to the first floor, where the mail room is tucked next to the front entrance.

Rad's last track of how many samples they've collected. Fifty-two is his best. He has one week left for the mail room. He

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ANTHRAX?

has to pick his spot. He finds the cubbyhole where Bob's mail was deposited, runs the snail inside, then packs it into a sterile container to be shipped to the lab.

Right about then, at four o'clock in the afternoon on Friday October 5, Bob Stevens dies.

THE PIECES FELL together quickly after Bob died. On Friday night, only hours after his death, a hospital in Miami reported a patient with a tubercular case of pneumonia. His name was Trenton Hinton, and he was the seventy-three-year-old mail room supervisor at American Media. The CDC sent people to visit the inside of Maureen's house for anthrax spores. These tests came back positive. So did many of the samples Rad Perkins collected inside AMI, including, most important, the one from the mail room. By Sunday morning, five days after Bob Stevens stumbled into the emergency room, investigators had determined where he'd been infected, who else might have been exposed—someone who'd sat inside the AMI building in the previous two months—and how the germ had been delivered.

Of course, the offices from Jean Bush's selection as an immediate point across the country. The U.S. was under attack. The anthrax was everywhere. Just hours were passed every time a newspaper called the White House, and human losses were dispatched to sweep up brick dust and vacuum pores. Yet there was also real anthrax floating about, many millions of deadly spores that might have gone unnoticed if not for Bob Stevens.

In fact, he wasn't necessarily the first casualty. It's impossible to pinpoint exactly when he was infected.) While Bob lay in a coma in Florida, at least five people in New York City were suffering from mysterious anthrax, with lesions that in one case had been misdiagnosed as spider bites. Once Bob was diagnosed, those cases were reexamined and quickly traced to a handful of letters mailed from Trenton, New Jersey. That, in turn, put Senator Tom Daschle's staff on alert while a newly identified letter arrived in his office a few days later loaded with a pencil of powder containing millions of anthrax spores that theoretically was capable of killing almost anybody, if not several thousand, people. A second letter, addressed to Senator Patrick Leahy, was discovered four weeks later in a pile of quarantined mail at a postal facility. After that, the Senate office buildings were shut down.

Those were apparently the last two anthrax letters, the last bursts of the attack. In New York and Florida and Washington, investigators examined the millions of thousands of potential victims, searching for spores that might have been trapped on their way into the lungs, trying to determine how far the bacteria had spread. Anyone who was at risk was issued a prophylactic supply of antibiotics in the hope that the germs could be overwhelmed before they took root.

Still, new exposures cropped up well into November. Spores had leaked from the envelopes as they passed through high-speed and sorting machines, contaminating equipment and whole buildings and then other pieces of mail that passed through. The last known case, the twenty-second infection and the

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(this way out) >>> the acknowledgments

The Dog Groomer

{ A SENTENCE by BRIAN FRAZER }

"On his way home from the store,
he realized that he was destined to be a dog groomer."

Acknowledgments

Although I guess I might have worked on my sentence for more than three years, it would never have seen the light of day without the commitment of others who believed in it.

To my proofreader, Sucky Suckers. My sentence was once a masterpiece—a forty-a-lengthy-twenty words Mr. Newton spent nearly a night with me, drinking heavily into the wee hours, helping me get rid of two words (groovy and super-duper) to get my sentence down to a more friendly eighteen words.

To my spirit, Ruffie Gladstone, for telling me to keep going and not to look inside myself when I didn't think I could type another sentence.

To my wife, Nancy, who encouraged me to use a thesaurus, even though I was usually opposed and considered it cheating. Through her guidance, I was introduced to other things that people call "dog," such as "manget" and "carnine." Even though I went back to the more accessible word I was comfortable with, I bet if I expanded my vocabulary through it.

Special thanks to my parents, Rhonda and Sam, who financed my education and my (kindergarten studies), both masters' (Steve and Eastern European languages, sociology), and my soon-to-be Ph.D. (children socialization and management). Now that I've finished my sentence, I can say that the two

To my typing teacher, who introduced me to my favorite sentence: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." A character provided me with endless inspiration.

I'd also like to thank Liam Gallagher of Oasis. The session between both Gallagher brothers brings out an intensity in my writing that just isn't there when I have Smash Mouth or in the background.

me my dumb changes. I was leaning toward the barista, but he insisted I was making a mistake. I'm glad I listened to him because the barista really pushed me through the second half of my sentence, and the barista kept Nancy from finishing for myself.

I also could never have written that sentence had it not been for my camp counselor Tommy Sanchez, who said to bring me to the store, without him I never could have known what it was like for my character to be "on his way home from the store." He also brought me a lot of other places, but I'm not supposed to discuss that until the trial.

I'd like to thank the barista stranger on the subway whose scared facial hair made me think of my dog for the first time in years. Before I came into him, I was in the mood of foolishly outlining a sentence about pickles. Thank you, stranger. You know who you are.

To the producer(s) of *Baywatch*: I don't really like your show, nor do I understand it, however there are times when you just need to make a break and be reassured in confusion. You provided both.

I'd like to thank the person (I never assume a man revealed anything) who arrested the next clueless. Without the opportunity of your sentence, typing would be problematic, if not impossible. And I might as well thank the person who invented my sentence, too! After all, that's how I today probably eat his milk.

Finally, I couldn't have done this without President George W. Bush. Without his leadership, courage, and valor I'm not sure if I would have ever started writing a shopping list—let alone an entire sentence. AM

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